THE CHICAGO CITIZEN.

"Europe, not England, is the Mother Country of America."

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THE IRISH AT BLENHEIM.

An English Military Historian Says That Had Their Charge Been Supported by the French Cavalry Marlborough and Prince Eugene Would Have Been Defeated.

How the Glorious Irish Brigade Covered the Retreat of the Beaten French Army and Snatched Imperishable Laurels From the Jaws of Grim Defeat.

(From the Shan Van Vocht.)

The names of many famous victories in which the Irish Brigades carried the Banner of the Golden Lilies of France to the front with a charging cheer, are familiar to every student of the past and to every reader of the ballad poetry of Ireland. But there are defeats almost as glorious as victories, with the added tragedy that all that heroism, which so nearly won the day, at most succeeded in covering the retreat. Such a defeat was the momentous Battle of Blenheim, the masterpiece of that great master of war, John Churchill, Duke of Marlborough, the battle which gained the manor and palace of Blenheim for the successful general, which shattered for half a century the ascendancy of France, and which may be reckoned with the capture of Gibraltar in the same year, 1704, as the real commencement of the Imperialism of England. And for one half hour at the critical moment of the day all the plans of Marlborough, all the combinations of his superb strategy, all the rising hopes of England, were on the point of being torn and broken by the regiments of Lee, Dorrington and Clare. Sir Edward Creasy, in his striking work on the "Fifteen Decisive Battles of the World," does full justice to the resistless valor of those Irish soldiers as they thundered through the routed ranks of eleven regiments who formed the centre of Marlborough's army. "The Irish," writes the historian, "drove the Hanoverians back with heavy slaughter, broke completely through the line of the Allies, and nearly achieved a success as brilliant as that which the same brigade afterward gained at Fontenoy."

At the opening of the year 1704 the soaring genius of Louis XIV. seemed on the point of securing such a triumph over United Europe as would have anticipated the proudest day in the astonishing achievements of the mighty Corsican. While half the allied forces under Marlborough and the Dutch commanders were fruitlessly battering away their strength against the northern fortresses of France, the plans were completed for hurrying a converging force of 100,000 veteran soldiers, under the three marshals, Villeroy, Tallard and Marsin, to join the Bavarian auxiliaries under the Bavarian Elector in a grand march down the Danube Valley right to the gates of Vienna itself, which was also to be the point of destination for the French army of Italy marching from the plains of Lombardy through the passes of the Tyrol. The Germanic Empire and its allies would have had no resource but to sign any peace which might be demanded by the policy of Versailles. Like a bolt from the blue, like the swoop of the condor of the Andes from invisible regions of distance and mystery, the strategy of John Churchill blazed out in swift effulgence, and the glory of Louis XIV. was blasted forever.

On the 19th of May, 1704, Marlborough was still fronting the northern fortresses of France. On the 13th of August of the same year he was the centre of an allied line of 70,000 sabres and bayonets, side by side with the illustrious general, Prince Eugene, with all the chivalry of Austria and North Germany, with the steadiest troops of England, Holland, Prussia, Hesse, Denmark and Baden all gathered together hundreds of miles from the northern fortresses of France, deep in the heart of the Danube Valley, barring the road to Vienna, and only separated by the fierce files of the Fighting Irish Brigade from the coming triumph over the surprised and out-generalled armies of France and Bavaria.

While pretending to be still keeping up the attack on the northern fortresses Marlborough had silently slipped away with the bulk of his forces, had sent sure couriers to every outlying source of military strength between the Rhine and the Oder, had crossed the Rhine, the Neckar, and the Danube, and long before Marshal Villeroy had suspected that swift and silent march, had fallen with overwhelming force upon the Marshals Tallard and Marsin, still idly waiting for Villeroy, who no more guessed what was going on than Grouchy at Waterloo. Between the battle of the Metaurus in the ancient war of Carthage and Rome and the battle of Marengo, that perfect achievement of Napoleonic methods, there is, perhaps, no movement of strategy so splendidly and audaciously complete, from the double point of plan and execution, as that march of Marlborough from the Lower Rhine to the Upper Danube.

And yet that magnificent combination of skill and power was for one half hour in the deadliest peril of utter ruin at the hands of three thousand Irish exiles who came with their Gaelic "Clear the way" down the cannonaded slopes of Oberglau. O, if the French cavalry had but charged in that decisive instant! O, if only a Turenne or a Maurice de Saxe were there to support that lion spring of the heirs of Limerick Treaty, the heirs of the avengers, down would have gone in the trampled mire the blood-red flag of England! Down would have gone the might of Austria, and England would not have had an ally to do it service upon all the Continent!

The Franco-Bavarian army had its left wing at Lutzingen, its centre at Oberglau, its right wing at Blenheim. The army of the Coalition, comprising, besides some 15,000 British, 50,000 troops from every country between the Danube and the Baltic and between the Carpathians and the Vosges, was drawn up on the other side of the marshy stream of the Nebel, the right being commanded by Prince Eugene, and the centre and left by Marlborough. Each side had about 35,000 infantry, but the cavalry of the Coalition far exceeded the French. Marlborough, who excelled in the employment of cavalry, made crushing use of it that day. The course of the battle may be briefly told. Finding it impossible to turn the Franco-Bavarian flanks at Lutzingen and Blenheim, Marlborough combined all his force for an attack upon the French centre, the key of which was the hamlet of Oberglau, held by the Irish Brigade and some French regiments. The crossing of the Nebel under the fire of Oberglau was effected with extreme difficulty, but at length a great column composed of the veteran Hanoverian regiments, supported by artillery and cavalry, pressed to the assault of the key of the position. The assailants had the numerical superiority, but the position was strong, and there were the regiments of Dorrington, Lee and Clare. When the great column had fought its way almost to the houses of Oberglau, suddenly the Irish cheer was heard, and an avalanche of Irish bayonets burst upon the Coalition. Lord Clare in person headed the regiment of Clare. The German regiment of Von Goor tried to meet that terrible charge. In a few moments the German regiment had ceased to exist. The Prince of Prussia's regiment was pierced through and through. The three thousand Irish and their French comrades pushed the whole column in disorderly rout back again to the marshy borders of the Nebel. English, Dutch and Germans went down together. In the words of Creasy, "The Irish broke completely through the line of the allies." But the allies had reserves, and those reserves were handled by Marlborough, while the French marshals made no effort to support that magnificent charge. There were ten thousand French horse in the rear, who, if launched upon the broken columns of the enemy while still flying before the Irish steel, could have converted the rout of the assaulters into the ruin of the whole array of the Coalition. They did not budge, but Marlborough did. Marlborough knew the grim meaning of that Irish advance. While the Irish Brigade was left unsupported, again to quote the words of Sir Edward Creasy, "Marlborough came up in person and dashed in upon their exposed flank with his squadrons. The Irish reeled back, and as they strove to regain the height of Oberglau, their column was raked through and through by the fire of three battalions of the allies, which Marlborough had summoned up from the reserve." O, the pity of it, the pity of it! For want of support in the decisive moment when they were routing an army, the three regiments had to fall back before the fresh regiments of horse and foot whom Marlborough in person hurried up to save the day.

The star of France had set upon Blenheim. With the victory of the Irish wasted and nullified, regiment after regiment of the Coalition, squadron after squadron of the magnificent cavalry of Marlborough safely crossed the marshes, and poured deeper and deeper into the heart of the French position. When Marlborough had 10,000 horsemen well in hand, he loosed them like a thunderbolt upon the useless French horse and the flank of the French infantry. The French horse fled after a vain discharge of carbines. They were excellent troops, but they had not been led to attack at the right moment, and the moment for the charge makes all the difference between success and disaster. The 10,000 sabres of the Coalition had nothing more to do than to ride like a destroying whirlwind over the hapless lines of the French infantry. "The hearts of the French horsemen failed them. Discharging their carbines at an idle distance, they wheeled round and spurred from the field, leaving the nine infantry battalions of their comrades to be ridden down by the allied cavalry. The battle was now won." The magnificent army of France was a hopeless wreck. Out of 60,000 men, not 20,000 rallied from that awful field. Twelve thousand French dead covered the plain. Fourteen thousand French prisoners, all the cannon, nearly twelve hundred officers, swelled the train of captives and spoil. The dream of French ascendancy disappeared for a hundred years, till the sun of Austerlitz shone out upon a more awful carnage.

The Irish Brigade that stormed down the slopes of Oberglau did not swell the train of captives. They covered the retreat of the broken army. They had almost anticipated Fontenoy. They helped to save the remnants of what was an anticipation of Waterloo. The victory was Marlborough's victory, though one-fifth of the victorious troops were English. A century later Waterloo was Wellington's victory, without any of the honor due to Marlborough's magnificent strategy, and though similarly out of the 200,000 men who crushed the 80,000 veterans and conscripts of Napoleon, not one-tenth were English. As at Blenheim, so at Waterloo, all the nations of the Continent had contributed their best battalions to build up English ascendancy upon the ruin of ambitious France; and at Waterloo the French Revolution had long since abolished the Great Brigade which disputed the marshes of the Nebel, and cleared the ramparts of Cremona, and swept the woods of Fontenoy.

F. HUGH O'DONNELL.

A. O. H. GOSSIP.

A "smoke talk" will be held in Div. 11 on Thursday, the 28th inst., and every member in Cook county is invited to be present. No. 11 is known far and wide for its hospitality, and if any are strangers to their lavish bounty I beg they will attend the gathering in Anchor hall on the above mentioned date.

Div. 31 invite visitors to their reunion on Friday, 22d inst., and President Desmond promises a splendid time for all who accept. The programme will contain some very interesting features, and its varied character will at once instruct and amuse.

Div. 36 expect the South Side members to attend their meeting on Friday, Oct. 22, to assist in a reception to be tendered to a distinguished visitor. No. 36 now includes in its ranks some talent of a very high order, and it is certain the evening's entertainment will be more than usually attractive. Brother M. C. Ryan has prepared a new solo, Brother Alex. O'Shea is rehearsing some piano exercises of a most thrilling character and Brother Lonergan has a recitation never heard on any former occasion. It is hoped there will be sufficient present to dispose of the refreshments.

There was a general gathering of the A. O. H. of Morgan county on Sunday, 17th inst., to meet State Officers J. T. Keating, Dan McGlynn and James Costello. Among those present were John Gougherty, J. W. Hanigan, E. Keating, D. M. Keating, J. McGinnis, F. Sweeney, J. Cosgriff, W. Sweeney, J. White, J. P. Meany, E. J. Meany and many others. The A. O. H. have splendid quarters in the new club house, opposite the beautiful church of which the Rev. Father Crowe is parish priest. A parishioner, lately deceased expressed admiration for Father Crowe's ability as an organizer, by donating the house mentioned and two hundred feet of ground to the worthy priest, who seized the opportunity to locate the young men's societies in quarters in keeping with their high ideals.

Brother Dan McGlynn made an entry in the family Bible a week ago, recording the birth of a son, who is the image of his "daddy." Brother Dan reports in his laconic way, "Everything is all right." To which we add "So is Dan."

Owing to the ball of Div. 8 coming on the regular meeting night, the next meeting will be held on the last Saturday in October at 62 North Clark street. Members are particularly requested to note this, and to be present at the meeting.

MOR.

THE IRISH-AMERICAN LYCEUM.

The Irish-American Lyceum will hold its opening meeting for the season on next Thursday evening, Oct. 28, in Unity hall, 77 Thirty-first street, commencing at 8:15 o'clock. The subject of debate takes the following form: "Is Civil Service Reform as Exemplified in our National and Local Governments a Success?" The affirmative will be upheld by John A. McKeown, and the negative defended by James G. Condon. Both are lawyers of note, and an excellent debate is anticipated. Mr. T. J. Sherlock, secretary, 193 Dearborn avenue, will furnish free admission tickets on application.

J. J. S.

Deafness Cannot be Cured

by local applications, as they cannot reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure Deafness, and that is by constitutional remedies. Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucous lining of the Eustachian Tube. When this tube gets inflamed you have a rumbling sound or imperfect hearing, and when it is entirely closed Deafness is the result, and unless the inflammation can be taken out and this tube restored to its normal condition, hearing will be destroyed forever; nine cases out of ten are caused by catarrh, which is nothing but an inflamed condition of the mucous surfaces.

We will give One Hundred Dollars for any case of Deafness (caused by catarrh) that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. Send for circulars, free.

F. J. CHENEY & Co., Toledo, O.

Sold by Druggists, 75c.

Something Interesting to Every Family.

It is a fact well known to economists that more money is squandered in baking bread in a year than would pay half the rent. When you count up the cost of flour and its waste, fuel and other ingredients, families will soon discover that it is losing money. Families of workingmen will find it much cheaper to go to their grocer and buy Bremner's "Eureka" Bread. This bread is made from the very best Minnesota flour and pure milk from his own farm. Special attention is given to the bread ordinance, and every loaf has its full weight, and at the cost of five cents per loaf.

Don't Tobacco Spit and Smoke Your Life Away.

To quit tobacco easily and forever, be magnetic, full of life, nerve and vigor, take No-To-Bac, the wonder-worker, that makes weak men strong. All druggists, 50c or $1. Cure guaranteed. Booklet and sample free. Address Sterling Remedy Co., Chicago or New York.

MEN OF MARK

Who Were of Irish Birth or Descent and Took a Foremost Part in American Warfare, Foreign and Domestic.

An Imposing Array of the Names of Those Who Served in the Revolutionary, Mexican and Civil Wars.

The Hon. Patrick Walsh of Augusta, Ga., said at Nashville that Gen. Thos. H. Ronayne, of New York, had placed him under very great obligations for the following names of prominent Americans of Irish birth or blood in the War of the Revolution, in the Mexican War and in the war between the States:

Commanders O. H. Perry (son of an Irish mother), Newry, Ireland; Thomas McDonough, born in Ireland, or on passage here; John Blakeley, born in Ireland; Charles Stewart, grandfather of Parnell; E. P. McCall, Thomas A. Dorin, Henry Eagle, born in Dublin; John M. Kell and George P. Ryan, Admiral Stephen C. Rowan ("Paddy" Rowan), born in Dublin; Admiral Geo. C. Meade, of the Meade family, Philadelphia; Admiral Kilty, Commander John Barry, Commander Edward Barrett, Admiral Connor, Captains Wm. P. McCann, C. Stewart McAuley, Wm. J. Cluney, John N. Maffet, Lawrence Kearney, James R. Mullany, James Lardner, Meade, J. J. Boyle, John Cassin, Thomas Darragh Shaw, Garrett Prendergast, William F. Lynch, A. T. Mahon, present naval writer; James I. Waddell, William Brown, John Manley, John McL. Murphy, Richard O'Brien, Blake and McIntosh, Lieut. O'Brannan, Admiral William M. Crane, Admiral G. Cunningham, Dr. George Logan, U. S. N., Commodore Thomas Read, Commander James O'Kerne, and Lieutenant-Commanders Charles O'Neil and Dennis W. Millan, U. S. navy.

Prominent Americans of Irish birth or blood in the Confederate army were:

Generals Patrick Ronayne Cleburne, Cork, Ireland, fell at Franklin; Leonidas Polk, of the old President Polk family, L. O'Brien Branch, John M. Brannan, John S. Preston, of the old Irish Preston family of the South; Geo. E. Pickett, Robert Emmet Rodes, Thomas Lewis Preston, of the old Irish Preston family of the South; Fagan McAllister, at the top of Marye's Heights, while Meagher at the foot was attacking; H. McBride, Thomas J. Jackson (Stonewall), of purely Irish descent; Jubal A. Early, Irish descent, and Thomas Welsh; Col. Alfred Moore Waddell, descended from the colonial governor, James Moore Waddell, an Irishman; Gen. William Mahone, Dr. Theo. A. Dargan.

Prominent Americans of Irish birth or blood in the Federal army were: Gens. George Gordon Meade, U. S. A.; Phil H. Sheridan, U. S. A.; Martin F. McMahon, Michael Corcoran, John P. McCown, Eugene A. Carr, Joseph B. Carr, New York; George F. McGinness, Stephen J. McGearty, James McQuade, James Dearing, William F. Barry, Mexican and Confederate; Thomar A. Smyth of Delaware, Cork, Ireland, killed in battle; Charles Griffin, George A. Sheridan, Thomas J. Rusk, Thomas L. Casey, his Irish progenitor in the Revolution, was a patriot officer; H. J. Kilpatrick, United States cavalry, New Jersey; D. M. Gregg, William Joyce Sewall, United States senator, New Jersey; E. Kirby Smith, Jeremiah C. Sullivan, Horace Porter, old Irish family; Andrew Porter, old Irish family; John M. Read, old Irish family; John G. Reid, John W. Reilly, Grant, son of Hannah Simpson, a woman of Irish blood, whose father, John Simpson, was a United Irishman; Thomas C. Davin, New York, monument to him at Gettysburg; J. T. Boyle, Thomas Francis Meagher, Waterford, N. Y.; R. H. Milroy, John A. Logan, Illinois; B. F. Butler, Massachusetts; James W. Fanning, John C. Kelton, Willis A. Gorman, Phil Kearney, New York, U. S. A., old Irish family of New Jersey; Charles H. T. Collis, born in Cork, now in New York; Thomas W. Egan, commissioner of public works, Philadelphia; Robert H. McGinty, James Shields, Tyrone; Thomas W. Sweeny, U. S. A., born in Cork; Anson G. McCook and brothers, known as "the Fighting McCooks," old Irish family of Pennsylvania; O. A. Gilmore, John J. Coppinger, U. S. A., born in Cork, Papal Brigade; M. T. Donahoe, New Hampshire, died at Boston; Charles G. Halpine, New York, born in Ireland ("Miles O'Reilly"); B. F. Tracey, New York, Harrison's Cabinet; William R. Halpine, Ohio; D. F. Burke, New York, born in Cork, last commander Irish Brigade, died in New York; James R. O'Beirne, born in Galway, commissioner of charters in New York.

Gen. Guiney, Boston, of Ireland, the old "Irish Ninth," father of Miss Guiney, the poetess; Thomas L. Young, Ohio, Irish parents, and William Gamble, born in Ireland; Maj.-Gen. John Gibbon, Irish descent, U. S. A.; Inspector-General Robert P. Hughes, U. S. A., Irish descent; Gen. McLeer, Brooklyn, still resides there; Gen. James Kavanagh, born in Ireland; Sixty-ninth New York Brigade, still lives; Gen. Graham, father David, born in Ireland, brother of John Graham, the great lawyer; Dr. Edward Barry Dalton, medical director of army in 1863; Surgeon-General Wood, U. S. A.; Col. McBride, Col. James A. Mulligan, Irish parents, hero of the western army; Col. P. H. O'Rourke, New York, Gettysburg hero, monument to him there; Col. Charles S. Stewart, Col. Cass, Massachusetts, Irish, commander Ninth Regiment in war; Col. John W. Byron, Col. John Warren, Massachusetts, born in Cork, lived in Boston; Col. Allen G. Shepard, Massachusetts, born in Ireland, young hero of Lookout Mountain, still lives in Lynn, Mass.; Major Patrick Keenan, hero of Chancellorsville; Major Keogh, Papal Brigade, born in Ireland, died with Custer, last man killed, Indians found some Catholic mementos on his neck; did not mutilate body; Joseph Sowards, scout,—he was a celebrated scout during the civil war, son of an Irishman.

Note—I notice that Gen. Ronayne places the name of Gen. E. Kirby Smith on the Federal side. This is a mistake, of course, as Gen. E. Kirby Smith was one of the great Confederate commanders, unless there was the singular coincidence of a general of the same name on the other side during the war.

In answer to a letter of inquiry, Mr. Charles Edgeworth Jones, of Augusta, Ga., gives the following data respecting certain distinguished Irish-Americans in the late war. Mr. Jones' letter bears date Sept. 17, 1897:

James Henry McBride—Born in Kentucky about 1815; died at Pocahontas, Ark., autumn of 1862. When war between the States began, he joined Gen. Sterling Price in raising the State Guard of Missouri; "recruited a brigade, and was afterwards commissioned as brigadier general in Confederate service." (This latter statement I personally don't accept, nor can it be, in my opinion, substantiated by official records.)

Thomas Welsh—Born Columbia, Pa., May 5, 1824; died Cincinnati, O., Aug. 14, 1863. Commissioned as brigadier general of Union Volunteers, March 13, 1863.

John Milton Brannan—Born District of Columbia, 1817, appointed brigadier general of Union Volunteers, Sept. 28, 1861.

Lawrence O'Brien Branch — Born Halifax County, N. C., July 7, 1820; killed at Sharpsburg, Sept. 17, 1862. Appointed from North Carolina brigadier general C. S. A., Nov. 16, 1861.

Robert Emmet Rodes—Born Lynchburg, Va., March, 1829; died Winchester, Va., Sept. 29, 1864. Appointed from Alabama brigadier general, C. S. A., Oct. 21, 1861, and promoted to the grade of major general, May 2, 1863.

Thomas Lewis Preston—Born Botetourt County, Va., Nov. 28, 1812. He was on staff of Gen. Joseph E. Johnston, with official rank as captain during first year of war between States, and the latter's aide-de-camp at first battle of Manassas.

John Smith Preston—Born near Abington, Va., April 20, 1809; died, Columbia, S. C., May 1, 1881. Appointed from South Carolina brigadier general C. S. A.

James F. Fagan—Appointed from Arkansas brigadier general, C. S. A., Sept. 12, 1862; promoted to the grade of major-general, April 24, 1864.

Thomas Jonathan Jackson — Born Clarksburg, W. Va., Jan. 21, 1824; died Chancellorsville, Va., May 10, 1863. Appointed from Virginia brigadier general, C. S. A., June 17, 1861; promoted to grade of major-general, Oct. 7, 1861, and advanced to rank of lieutenant-general, Oct. 10, 1862.

Alfred Moore Waddell—Born Hillsboro, N. C., Sept. 16, 1834. During war between States he served as lieutenant-colonel of cavalry (Third North Carolina); William Mahone, born Southampton County, Va., Dec. 1, 1825, died Petersburg, Va., Oct. 8, 1895. Appointed from Virginia brigadier-general, C. S. A., Nov. 16, 1861, and promoted to grade of major-general, July 30, 1864. To these should be added other distinguished officers of Irish birth or lineage. Gen. Wade Hampton, of South Carolina. His grandfather, Mr. Fitzsimmons, on his mother's side, was born in Ireland. Gen. M. C. Butler, South Carolina; Gen. Samuel McGowan, South Carolina, and Gen. Jas. Conner, South Carolina; Col. Theodore O'Hara, Kentucky; Gens. Alpheus Baker, Alabama; Tige O'Neal, Alabama; Joseph Finnegan, Florida; Michael Nolan, Louisiana; Clement A. Evans, Georgia; R. C. Tyler, Tennessee, and John Adams, Tennessee.

Mr. Walsh also quoted the names of 240 men bearing the name Patrick who fought in the Revolution.

Frank Leslie's Popular Monthly for November.

Andrew Jackson is the subject of the leading article in Frank Leslie's Popular Monthly for November. It treats of the General in private life, and is the first of a series of papers on the life, times and compatriots of the popular hero, which will run in that magazine for several months. A. Oakey Hall contributes this first article, which is illustrated with excellent drawings by H. M. Eaton, and portraits and relics of "Old Hickory." Another attractive article in this number is "The Moqui Indian Snake Dance," by Lieut. E. H. Plummer, with photographic reproductions of different phases of the dance. Then there is a paper on "The Fisherfolk of Scotland," by M. E. Leicester Addie, also well illustrated. The college article this month, the twelfth in this magazine's series, treats of Columbia University, and is by J. Frederic Thorne. Other interesting things in the number are: "Amidst the Shades of Umbrian Painters," by E. C. Vansittart; "Mexican Customs," by Annetta Halliday-Antona; "The River Eden," by Rimbalt Dibdin; "Some Curious Duels," by J. Cuthbert Hadden; and a paper on Lord Mayor's Day, describing the ceremonies attending the installation of London's chief magistrate. There are a number of clever short stories; a particularly bright young folks department; some talks about new books, and the always interesting "Leslie Portfolio."

CYCLING FEVER.

The effects of over-exertion is producing various disturbances of a more or less grave character are well known, and not infrequently these disturbances culminate in permanent structural damage. They are not peculiar to cycling, says the Medical Press, but during the last year or two cycling has predominated to such an extent over all other forms of popular sport that their pathology has become the pathology of cycling. We do not allude to the accidents entailing a solution of continuity of the skin and bones, but to the functional disease due to over-pressure. There are two special forms of disease, one due to traveling at a pace in excess of the rider's circulatory capacity, and another consequent upon cycling distances beyond his physical standard. The first is productive of circulatory failure allied to, and often culminating in, syncope, while the other induces a condition strictly comparable with what is generally known as neurasthenia or nervous exhaustion. The diagnosis of the first variety is easy, and examples are numerous. The rider suddenly gets out of breath and falls panting from the saddle, his face becomes pallid, or even livid, and a cold sweat bathes the skin. In minor cases, he recovers after a brief rest, but he feels instinctively that he must cut his journey short as best he may. In graver cases the circulation fails to re-establish itself for some time, and even after recovery the heart may continue to beat irregularly, and at an abnormally rapid rate, for weeks, or even months. This is the origin of many cases of tachycardia or rapid heart, which are now recognized as constituting a distinct category of heart cases.

The condition engendered by the over-exertion, consequent upon too long a ride, is more insidious. The rider is often deceived by the feeling of buoyancy and well-being which is experienced on arriving at his destination. His appetite, it is true, is not what one would expect after such a journey and his sleep is disturbed, when, indeed, the night is not given up to an aggressive form of insomnia, characterized by spasmodic movements of the limbs and waking nightmares. On the following day the tongue is dirty, and the physical fatigue well marked, but one of the most striking and uncomfortable symptoms is what we may call "audible heart"—that is to say, the sufferer feels every pulsation, and he is uncomfortably conscious of the fact that he has a heart, the ideal of health being a blissful unconsciousness of the fact that there are such things as internal organs. A single day's ride may be recovered from if the rider is under no constraint to do otherwise than afford time and opportunity to nature to make good the overdraught of vitality of the organism. It is after several consecutive days of such excess that signs of impending nervous breakdown make their appearance. The digestion fails and there is almost complete want of appetite, sleep is disturbed, and even moderate exertion becomes a burden. The particular form of the breakdown depends, of course, upon the idiosyncrasy of the individual. In some instances inflammation of the spinal cord or its membranes supervenes, of which several examples have come to our knowledge within the last few months, and this is specially liable to occur when climatic conditions have inopportunely accentuated the effects of physical fatigue—as, for instance, riding through rain or in a cold wind. In other cases the kidneys give out, and various alarming symptoms, of a kind not to be disregarded, supervene. In another category of cases a previously damaged lung proves to be the weakest link of the chain, and blood-spitting, with consequent pneumonia, inaugurates what usually proves to be dangerous illness. Lastly, inflammation of the veins of the lower extremities is a common sequel to the abuse of cycling, and though possibly less dangerous, this complication is fully as disabling. All these accidents are the result, for the most part, of a deliberate disregard of the dictates of common sense.

Lake View Irish-American Club.

The Lake View Irish-American club will present the popular play, "Kathleen Mavourneen," at Lincoln Turner hall, Lake View, on Wednesday evening, Nov. 17. The cast of characters contains some of the best amateur talent on the North Side, and it is expected that the affair will be a great success. Later announcements will give more details.

J. J. S.

Brian Boru Council, I. N. A.

Brian Boru Council, Irish National Alliance, will hold its regular monthly meeting on Tuesday evening, Oct. 26, in O'Neill's hall, Lake street, near Wood. A good turn out of the members is expected on that occasion.

A. J. MALONE, Pres.

INFORMATION WANTED

Of Mrs. Mary Dwyer, maiden name Cleary, who left the Town of Tipperary about sixteen years ago; when last heard of she was living in Chicago. Any information regarding her whereabouts will be thankfully received by her daughter, Maggie Dwyer, Town of Tipperary, Ireland.

CHARLES A. DANA DEAD

Famous New York Editor's Life Work Finished.

WAS CONSCIOUS TO THE LAST.

All the Members of His Family Were at the Bedside and Bidden Farewell by the Dying Man—Directed the Policy of His Paper from the Sick Bed from June 9 Until a Few Days Ago — Sketch of His Eventful Life.

New York, Oct. 18.—Charles A. Dana died at 1:20 o'clock Sunday afternoon at his home at Glen Cove, L. I. He was ill a little more than five months, but it was not until about three weeks ago that it was known that his illness was mortal. On June 9 he was in the office of The Sun apparently strong and hearty. The next day he was taken ill and he has not visited New York since. Until three weeks ago, however, he kept in touch with his paper and directed its policy from his sick bed. Cirrhosis of the liver was the immediate cause of his death.

On Saturday Dr. Hall, one of his medical attendants, announced that Mr. Dana could live but a few hours and the members of his family were notified. They hastened to his bedside and all were with him at the end. He knew that he was dying and bade them goodbye. He was conscious and calm to the last. There were present his wife, Mrs. Dana; his son, Paul Dana; his daughters, Mrs. W. H. Draper, Mrs. J. W. Brennan and Mrs. William Underhill, with their families, and E. O. MacDaniel.

Sketch of His Career.

Charles A. Dana was born in Hinsdale, N. H., Aug. 8, 1819. His boyhood was spent in Buffalo, N. Y., where he worked in a store until he was 18 years old. He entered Harvard in 1839, but after two years was compelled to leave on account of serious trouble with his eyesight. His earliest newspaper experience was gained in the management of The Harbinger, which was devoted to social reform and general literature. After two years' work on Elizur Wright's Boston Daily Chronotype, he joined the staff of the New York Tribune in 1847. The next year he became one of the proprietors and managing editors of The Tribune, a post that he held until April 1, 1862.

During the first year of the civil war the ideas of Horace Greeley and Dana in regard to the proper conduct of military operations were somewhat at variance; and this disagreement led to the resignation of Dana, after fifteen years of service on The Tribune. In 1863 he was appointed assistant secretary of war, which office he held until after Lee's surrender. He was a stanch advocate and friend of General Grant, and the latter owed to Dana much for his rise as a commander. In June, 1865, he came to Chicago as editor of the Chicago Republican, and remained with that paper until June of 1866. He then returned to New York and in 1867 organized the stock company that now owns The Sun, and became its editor. The first number of The Sun edited by Dana appeared Jan. 28, 1868.

Independent and Outspoken.

He made the paper Democratic, independent and outspoken. His criticism of the civil maladministration during General Grant's terms as president led to a notable attempt on the part of that administration in July, 1873, to take him from New York on a charge of libel, to be tried without a jury in a Washington police court. Application was made to the United States district court in New York for a warrant of removal, but in a remarkable decision Judge Blackford refused the warrant, holding the proposed form of trial to be unconstitutional.

In 1855 he planned and edited, with George Ripley, the New American Encyclopedia, the original edition being completed in 1863. With General James H. Wilson he wrote a "Life of Ulysses S. Grant," and in 1857 was first published his "Household Book of Poetry; A Collection of the Best Minor Poems of the English Language," which went through many editions. In 1883 he edited, with Rossiter Johnson, "Fifty Perfect Poems." Charles A. Dana's personality was identified in the public mind with the newspaper that he edited. He had recorded no theories in journalism other than those of common sense and humanity. He was impatient of prolixity, cant and the conventional standard of news importance.

Murdered on a Freight Train.

Cleveland, Oct. 18.—While riding into Elyria on a Lake Shore freight train, Romain Operstanki, whose home is in Pittsburg, was attacked by three highwaymen, who were also aboard the train. Operstanski showed fight and as a result was shot, the ball entering the body between the fifth and sixth ribs. The highwaymen made their escape. Operstanski was brought to Cleveland and placed in the Huron street hospital, where he died from his wounds. The murderers are thought to be members of an organized gang which frequent the line of the Lake Shore railway.

Chicago Alderman Shot.

Chicago, Oct. 18.—Alderman Joseph A. Haberkorn of the Nineteenth ward was shot and dangerously wounded at 2 o'clock Sunday morning in a quarrel, which was the finale of a clam-bake held at Albert Florus' road house, 1957 West Harrison street. Two bullets fired from the revolver of George Jensen, his assailant, took effect, one perforating the fleshy part of the left hand and severing the middle finger at the first joint, and the other lodging in the abdomen.

Arrested for Perjury.

Milwaukee, Oct. 18.—George M. Hoxie, a step-son and former law partner of Benjamin Goldberg, who was arrested Saturday for perfury, was taken into custody at Waupaca Monday morning on a similar charge. It is alleged that in endeavoring to explain away some facts during the Goldberg disbarment proceedings, Hoxie failed to tell the truth. Although a young man Hoxie has built up a good practice at his home in Clintonville, Wis.

Want Reduction in Duty.

Paris, Oct. 18.—The municipal council of Paris passed a resolution Monday asking the government to make a reduction of 4 francs in the customs duties on grain.

SAYS CHURCH IS A FAILURE.

Pastor Creates a Sensation at the Battle Creek Civic Conference.

Battle Creek, Mich., Oct. 18.—The interstate philanthropic conference closed Sunday night after six days of sessions, which were successful as to attendance and interest manifested. An address by the Rev. S. Sharp of Chicago, secretary of the conference, created a sensation. His topic was "How to Drain the Social Swamp." He said the social sewer was the greatest evil of today. In Christianity should be the cure, but the organized Christian church is a failure. Only 5 per cent of the world is touched by Christianity. The present church does not touch the greater evils. Plans to heal wrongs must be as broad as the wrongs are. In a Chinese city there are twenty-seven Christian sects, but paganism does not know they are there. In Michigan one more man of a dozen goes to church. All many are moved by the spirit of Christ, who are true Christians, although supporting no sects.

Despite adverse criticism, he said, no church is doing so great philanthropic work today as the Catholic. Yet masses, solos, and sermons will never accomplish what is needed; churches burdened with debt cannot easily help others. Intemperance is thriving despite efforts of the church. More beer and whisky are being consumed than ever before. The W. C. T. U. was organized and sent a tariff through the land, but it has gone into political trickery and will never put down the traffic. The Y. M. C. A. meant to do good, but is worldly. It ought to be buried. It is but a corpse. As a philanthropic movement it is a fraud, though as a club it is entertaining. There are quarrels over the offices etc., but no real good is done.

To Prevent Filibustering.

Washington, Oct. 18.—Commander R. B. Bradford, chief of the bureau of equipment, has suggested to the navy department that torpedo boats be placed to prevent filibustering. Commander Bradford found that vessels of the draught and displacemtn of the cruiser Montgomery and gunboats Wilmington and Nashville were awkward to handle among the Florida keys, and could not enter indentations in the coasts where expeditions were formed. It is the opinion of officers on duty in the department that filibustering could probably be entirely prevented by a torpedo boat patrol.

Prostrated in His Pulpit.

Chicago, Oct. 18.—Rev. D. F. Fox, pastor of the California Avenue Congregational church, rose in his pulpit Sunday morning to tell his congregation that his wife, who had been near to death for several weeks, was out of danger. As he began speaking he turned pale, staggered, and fell back in his chair. He was removed to his home in his carriage, and his physician stated that he was suffering from nervous prostration. Mrs. Fox has been ill with typhoid fever for five weeks, and her husband was exhausted from long, anxious vigils by her bedside.

Deaths Close to 100.

New Orleans, Oct. 18.—Five new cases and two deaths was the 10 o'clock report of the board of health Monday. Sunday's report was so favorable that there was some hope that the record Monday would be lighter. Yellow Jack, however, seems to have made a good start Monday morning and the total number of deaths since the fever began is now close to 100. However, the number of recoveries continues to be large and several hundred people who have had the fever, are now well and considered to be immunes.

Dividends Declared.

Washington, Oct. 18.—The comptroller of the currency has declared dividends in favor of the creditors of insolvent national banks as follows: Fifty per cent., the Mutual National bank of New Orleans, La.; 20 per cent., the Columbia National bank of Minneapolis, Minn.; 10 per cent., the Citizens' National bank of Grand Island, Neb.; 15 per cent., the Firt National bank of Hillsborough, O.

Non-Catholic Marriages Valid.

Lima, Peru, Oct. 18.—The senate has passed the bill declaring non-Catholic marriages valid and providing for a civil register for such marriages. One year's time is given for registration. The bill will now be submitted to the chamber of deputies, and if it is not passed by that body will be submitted to a joint session of the two chambers. It will probably pass.

Took His Own Life.

Butte, Mont., Oct. 18.—John W. Baker, formerly assistant city treasurer, killed himself by shooting himself through the head. Baker came to Butte from Philadelphia and his brother is private secretary to Senator Penrose of Pennsylvania. The deceased was widely known in railroad circles and was formerly with the Northwestern in Chicago and Union Pacific in Omaha.

Kennedy Acquitted.

Kansas City, Oct. 18.—John F. Kennedy, who has been on trial in the criminal court for the past week charged with being the leader of the Chicago and Alton passenger train robbery at Blue Cut, in December last, has been acquitted. Nine ballots were taken. The first resulted 8 to 4 for acquittal.

Chicago Hotel in Trouble.

Chicago, Oct. 18.—The Lexington Hotel Building company, incorporated, made an assignment Monday morning, with Adelbert Bachelor, proprietor of the hotel, as assignee. The liabilities of the company are $1,078,000 and the assets $660,749.30. A bill for a receiver was filed Saturday.

Lynched by His Victim's Friends.

Dermott, Ark., Oct. 18.—A lynching, in which the victim was a white man named Cole, occurred near Wilmot. Cole had committed a cold-blooded murder and was pursued, captured and strung up by a posse composed of the murdered man's friends.

Presidential Appointments.

Washington, Oct. 18.—The president Monday made the following appointments: Frank C. Partridge of Vermont, consul general at Tangiers; Chester W. Martin of Michigan, consul at Amherstburg, Ont.; P. H. Brittain of Ohio, at Nantes, France.

Satisfactory Settlement.

Cincinnati, Oct. 18.—A Pomeroy special says: The coal miners' strike in the Pomeroy bend has been settled at $2.12 per hundred bushels, which is highly satisfactory to the miners. All the mines and salt works will resume operations at once.

ANNEXATION OF CUBA.

Movement Among the Spanish on the Island Looking Thereto.

THEY WOULD COME INTO THE UNION

Not Enough Loyalists Among the Autonomists to Hold the Offices—Autonomy Also Declared Unable to Protect Life and Property.

Matanzas, Cuba, via Key West, Oct. 19.—The business element here, in Havana and elsewhere seems to have arrived at the conclusion that the Madrid government cannot end the war on the basis of autonomy to Cuba, as there are not enough loyalists among the autonomists to hold public office. At least that is the claim the conservative Spaniards make. In addition, the latter express the belief that the autonomists, even if they were placed in power, would not be able to preserve peace and protect life and property from the lawless elements. In view of this condition of affairs a number of important merchants and sugar planters of Spanish origin, in conjunction with several Cubans of prominence, have been holding secret meetings and corresponding with people in various parts of the island with the object of ascertaining the views of the commercial and planting community in Pinar del Rio, Havana, Matanzas and Santa Clara provinces as to the future for Cuba most likely to further their interests and those of the island in general.

Will Ask for Annexation.

It is expected that a majority of the replies will be favorable to annexation of Cuba to the United States, as the Washington government alone apparently is able to guarantee peace in Cuba and the protection of life and property. As soon as it is ascertained that the sentiment of the persons appealed to is in favor of annexation a committee will be sent to the United States with instructions to lay the case of Cuba clearly before the business men of prominence in the United States and ask the latter to unite with the business men of Cuba in a petition to the Washington government asking the United States, in view of the failure of the conservatives to suppress the insurrection by force of arms and the impossibility of the liberals ending the war by establishing an autonomous form of government, to bring about the annexation of Cuba to the United States.

Autonomy Gives No Satisfaction.

The plan of Senor Sagasta, the new Spanish premier, to give autonomy to Cuba, far from giving satisfaction here, has greatly increased the feeling of discontent. The autonomist party, it is pointed out, exists only in name, the actual majority of the autonomists being in the insurgent ranks, and with the exception possibly of Senor Montero and a few other prominent autonomists, the masses of that party are in sympathy with the insurgents. Consequently it will be seen the Spanish government, which has consulted Senor Montero on the subject, is finding great difficulty in obtaining even the suggestion of names of autonomists to fill offices under an autonomist form of government. It would be imprudent, it is added, to give such offices to the party known as the reformists, as the more influential Spaniards hate them, and the adoption of such a policy would possibly mean rioting and even worse.

Spaniards Opposed to the Scheme.

Besides, the masses of the resident Spaniards are strongly anti-autonomist, and there is little or no prospect of making them change their minds. Recognising the difficulty of the task before Senor Sagasta, it is not astonishing that the business community of Cuba is exchanging views on the subject of annexation to the United States, especially as a general uprising of the Spanish elements is feared if the Spanish government persists in pushing its autonomist policy, business men believing that autonomy is only the first step toward independence in Cuba, and the feeling of the commercial classes being that annexation to the United States with the consequent safeguards to life and property is far preferable to the establishment of a new republic in Cuba.

MAY HAVE REAL FIGHTING YET.

Cuban Rebels Said to Have Determined Upon Desperate Measures.

New York, Oct. 19.—The Sun has this from Havana: The Cubans have decided to make a desperate effort to win their independence in the campaign of next winter. I am informed that the plan of General Gomez, enthusiastically approved by General Garcia, is to attack several important towns in Santiago de Cuba and Puerto Principe before the end of next January. It has also been decided to make a relentless war, retaliating upon the Spanish troops for every outrage they commit. Measures have been taken also to heavily reenforce the Cuban army in the west, especially in Havana province.

General Garcia is ready to march westward with 6,000 men and his artillery at the first orders he receives from General Gomez. The Jucaro-Moron trocha is no obstacle for him, Garcia has declared, in spite of the 25,000 Spanish soldiers who cover that military line. I have read a letter from General Garcia in which he says: "The dynamite gun that was so effective at Victoria de las Tunas is enough to break down the trocha. Betancourt, a Cuban reared in the United States, is in charge of that admirable engine of war, and he does wonders with it. The panic caused by each dynamite shell in the Spanish ranks is beyond description. In my opinion, a dozen of those guns, ably handled, would free Cuba in two months."

In a proclamation widely circulated through the country General Gomez says: "We offer to Cuba the splendid spectacle of our unconquerable determination to free her or die. The Spaniards are preparing themselves for the winter campaign, and so are we. We desire to prove that a political change of cabinet in Spain is nothing to us, because we are not fighting for Spanish political parties, but for Cuba against Spain. Reforms, autonomy, and all other shameful arrangements concocted among a dozen Cuban poltrooms in Havana and the new Spanish cabinet will not influence us in the least. The Spaniards may reward the treachery of a few Cubans with offices and allege that the autonomists represent the Cuban people, but they know that they are lying. The revolution was not made by the autonomists of Havana, but against their will. Therefore, what these allies of Spain may do now does not change the situation in Cuba."

BOYS LEARNING TO BE THUGS.

Organization of Youngsters for the Purpose of Whipping "Country Jakes."

Monticello, Ind., Oct. 19.—An organization among the young boys of Monon which has existed for the purpose of whipping country boys when they come to town, led to the fatal shooting of Charles Robinson. Charles Griffith and his two sons—Will, 17 years old, and Ed, 14 years old—went to Monon, the older boy going to church, the younger going with his father. The gang soon got Ed into an alley and proceeded to beat him. He went to church and told his brother, who immediately began to settle the matter with the leader of the gang, who is his senior in years.

Upon worsting Thacker, the leader, he called for assistance and the rest of the gang then proceeded to beat young Griffith until Charles Robinson hit him in the head with a stone, knocking him down. Griffith scrambled to his feet and pulling his revolver shot Robinson, the ball striking the spine and glancing off into the body. The wound is probably fatal. No arrests have yet been made. The Griffith boys have always borne a good reputation. Public sympathy is in their favor.

MOUNT ABOUT READY TO STRIKE.

Governor Knows the Leader and Several Other Versailles Lynchers.

Indianapolis, Oct. 19.—Developments of a sensational character are expected in the investigation into the Versailles lynching this week, and it said the governor is so well informed regarding the participants in that tragedy, in which five men were cruelly beaten and afterward hanged, that he now has no hesitancy in proceeding against them. Arrests are expected in a few days. The leader of the mob has been known ever since the lynching occurred, but recent investigations show that agents of the state have secured the names of several others, and the names also of many who were privy to the affair, if not actual participants in it.

The attorney general's office is in constant communication with the agents in Ripley county and the evidence has been carefully gone over by that official, and is regarded as certain to result in convictions. Whether the governor will demand that a new grand jury be impaneled and place the evidence before it or proceed by arrest and preliminary trial before a peace justice has not been decided.

Backed Off the Grade to Death.

Marshfield, Or., Oct. 19.—Yesterday afternoon ex-Judge J. H. Noster, his wife and daughter, and his son's wife and baby, while driving from Mickie Point to Coquille City, were driving around a high rocky point when they met another team. The judge attempted to back his team to one side of the road to allow the other to pass, but the horses became frightened and unmanageable and backed off the grade, a distance of about thirty-five feet. Mrs. Noster was instantly killed and the judge's life is despaired of. The other ladies and children were also badly bruised.

Mary Rosenbaum and Her Mother Dead.

Jeffersonville, Ind., Oct. 19.—Miss Mary Rosenbaum, who was shot last Thursday night by Mrs. Lizzie Harding, died from the effects of her wound Sunday night. Her mother, Mrs. August Rosenbaum, died a few minutes before from excitement and grief. The Harding woman is in jail. She shot Miss Rosenbaum during a controversy in which Mrs. Harding, who is separated from her husband, was charged by Miss Rosenbaum with an attachment for the latter's brother.

Anderson's Small Humanitarians.

Anderson, Ind., Oct. 19.—Anderson has the littlest humane society in the country and the members have begun their first prosecution. They are tots whose ages run from 5 to 10 years. A week ago they found Patsy List beating his horse over the head. They worked up the case perfectly, and yesterday five of the tots appeared and filed an affidavit against him. They have all of their witnesses and evidence.

Democratic Chairman Is Lost.

Baltimore, Oct. 19.—The Democratic city committee has issued a call for the delegates to the recent city convention commanding them to reassemble today and renominate all the candidates for municipal offices on the Democratic ticket. This extraordinary course has been rendered necessary by the failure of the chairman of the original convention to certify to the nomination of those selected at that time. John S. Gittings, the chairman in question, neglected to comply with the provision and went to the Rocky mountains on a hunting expedition. Letters and telegrams having failed to reach him up to the present time, the committee has decided to run no risk in the matter.

Wm. J. Orendorff Dies of Injury.

Springfield, Ills., Oct. 19.—A dispatch received last night by General Alfred Orendorff, of this city, announced the death last evening at Canton, Ills., from injuries received in a runaway, of his relative, William J. Orendorff, head of the great plow and agricultural manufacturing firm of Parlin & Orendorff, of Canton. He was 60 years old.

Duty for Colonel Peter Haines.

Washington, Oct. 19.—Colonel Peter C. Haines of the engineer corps of the army, at present in charge of river and harbor improvements for the Baltimore district, has been appointed to be engineer commissioner on the Nicaraguan canal commission and has accepted the appointment.

Will Build a Planing Mill.

Shirley, Ind., Oct. 19. — The Shirley Lumber company has purchased and paid $1,050 for one and one-half acres of ground adjoining the Big Four tracks, and will erect at once a large planing mill, employing twenty-five men.

Nausbaun Gets His Exequator.

Berlin, Oct. 19.—The German government has granted the exequator of Benjamin Nausbaun, of Pennsylvania, recently appointed United States consul at Munich, against whom there was a strong fight.

Foundrymen's Association.

Cincinnati, Oct. 19.—The Western Foundrymen's association convened here yesterday in annual meeting. President C. A. Sercomb, of Chicago, presided, and A. Sorge, Jr., also of Chicago, served as secretary

LOVERING TO BE TRIED.

Secretary of War Alger Orders a Court-Martial.

FT. SHERIDAN'S LATEST SCANDAL.

The Secretary Will See to It That the Trial Board Is an Impartial One—United States Supreme Court Advances the Case of Durrant, the Alleged San Francisco Murderer—Death of President McKinley's Family Physician—Capital Notes.

Washington, Oct. 18.—The war department has made formal announcement of its action in the matter of the Lovering-Hammond case at Fort Sheridan. Secretary Alger's statement is as follows:

"The war department has sent instructions to Major General Brooke, commanding the army of the department of the Missouri, directing that, in view of the unusual and severe treatment administered to Private Hammond by Captain Lovering, and if Captain Lovering has not already applied for a court of inquiry to investigate the charges against him, Captain Lovering be summoned to appear before a court-martial."

Personnel of the Court-Martial.

The officers composing the court-martial will be appointed by Major Brooke, but the secretary of war has not abandoned his interest in the case, and the authorities here are determined that the personnel of the court-martial shall be such as to insure a thorough and impartial inquiry. Captain Rogers' report, which was forwarded to Secretary Alger, confirms in all respects the charges published. Private Hammond was dragged by the heels down a flight of steps and across the parade ground, and was at the same time prodded with a sword in the hands of Captain Lovering.

Did Not Struggle or Rebel.

There is no evidence or even claim that Private Hammond struggled or rebelled. He simply remained passive and informed the officer that if he went he would have to be carried. Thereupon it appears that Captain Lovering lost his temper, or took advantage of an opportunity to satisfy a grudge, and ordered four men to tie a rope to Hammond's feet and drag him to the room where the court was seated for the trial of offenses against discipline. Captain Rogers' report will not be made public in full. Secretary Alger contents himself with giving the gist of the contents, which are substantially as above stated.

SUPREME COURT WORK.

Durrant's Case Advanced—Illinois Inheritance Case.

Washington, Oct. 18.—The supreme court Monday advanced the argument of the Durrant murder case, brought here from San Francisco, and set it for hearing Nov. 15.

The motion to advance the Illinois inheritance cases was granted Monday by the supreme court and they are set down for hearing the second Monday in January.

The supreme court Monday rendered an opinion against the railway company in the case of the Southern Pacific Railway company vs. the United States, brought here from the circuit court for the Ninth circuit. The case involved about 700,000 acres of land in southern California and grew out of the fact that the forfeited land grant of the Atlantic and Pacific Railway company was overlapped to some extent by lands claimed under government grant by the Southern Pacific. The Atlantic and Pacific company originally claimed the lands in controversy and its original maps of location along the line of these lands were accepted by the land office but congress declared the lands forfeited and thereupon the Southern Pacific whose grant overlapped that of the Atlantic and Pacific thereupon set up title to the lands. The circuit court, however, decided against the Southern Pacific and the supreme court Monday affirmed that decision so far as concerns the railroad company, but remanded to the lower court for decision the case of about 200 persons who had purchased part of the lands from the railroad company.

American Interests Endangered.

Washington, Oct. 18.—The state department has received a cablegram from the United States charge at Guatamela City stating that owing to the extension of the present revolutionary movement into the eastern portion of Guatemala, American interests in that section and American citizens are endangered and the presence of a warship is desirable. Accordingly the secretary of the navy has sent orders to the United States steamer Detroit, now in Florida, to proceed at once to Livingstone on the gulf coast of Guatemala to protect American interests. The Montgomery, now at Staten island, has been ordered to relieve the Detroit of the work of looking after filibusterers in which she has been engaged.

President's Physician Dead.

Washington, Oct. 18.—Surgeon General Newton L. Bates of the navy, the president's family physician, died at the Shoreham hotel at half-past 9 Monday morning of a renal trouble. He was appointed surgeon general about two weeks ago to succeed Surgeon General Tryon and was obliged on account of the illness which finally resulted in his death, to take the oath of office in bed. His illness at this time was not regarded as serious, but developed alarming symptoms within the last day or two and then grew steadily worse.

Death of Admiral Worden.

Washington, Oct. 18.—Admiral John L. Worden, retired, died in this city Monday. He commanded the Monitor during its engagement with the Merrimac in Hampton Roads during the late war. In 1886 he was retired with the full rank and pay of an admiral, the only instance of the kind. He also received the thanks of congress for his gallantry in the war.

Luetgert Case in Jury's Hands.

Chicago, Oct. 18.—Adolph L. Luetgert's fate is now in the hands of the jury. Late Monday afternoon the twelve citizens who hold the power of life or death in this case were dismissed to their room to deliberate and formulate their verdict. State's Attorney Deneen finished the closing argument for the prosecution shortly before 3 o'clock, and Judge Tuthill then read his instructions to the jurors.

BRYAN AND NEW YORK.

Champion of Silver Quoted as Declaring in Favor of Henry George.

REJECTS THE ALLEGED INTERVIEW.

And Says in a Telegram That He Is Not Taking Sides in the Struggle—Difference as to the Issues.

New York, Oct. 19.—The campaign committee of the Jefferson Democracy is out with a statement that William J. Bryan is in favor of Henry George for the first mayor of Greater New York. They base their statement upon an interview which appeared in the Evansville (Ind.) Courier on Oct. 8, and which was only discovered yesterday. On Oct. 7 Bryan delivered an address in Evansville, and afterwards he was interviewed on the situation in New York city. According to the paper mentioned, this is one of the questions asked and the reply he made:

Alleged Remarks of Bryan.

"Do you think Henry George will be elected mayor of Greater New York?"

"I think he has a splendid chance of being the next mayor of New York. He is well known to the people of New York city. The masses believe in him and will support him at the polls. I do not think national issues will cut much figure in the New York election."

No letter or telegrams have been received from Bryan by any of the George managers that would tend to corroborate the above statement, and so far as known he has not been asked for his opinion on the situation here.

Repudiated in a Telegram.

Chicago, Oct. 19.—Referring to the belief expressed by the followers of Henry George that recent utterances of William Jenning Bryan indicated his support of the George ticket in the Greater New York campaign, Bryan wired the following to the Associated Press last night from Norfolk, Neb.: "I have not expressed any opinion in regard to the New York mayoralty campaign and do not care to express any opinion in regard to it."

Campaign Is Growing Red Hot.

New York, Oct. 19.—Dozens of meetings were held last night in the boroughs making up the new city of New York. General Tracy was the principal speaker at the Clermont Avenue rink, Brooklyn. The concluding address was delivered by Senator John M. Thurston, of Nebraska.

There was a large and very enthusiastic crowd at a Henry George meeting which was held at the Lexington Avenue Opera House. George made a speech introducing ex-Postmaster Dayton, who was cheered. Mayor Strong spoke last night at a Seth Low mass-meeting in the Murray Hill lyceum. Seth Low spoke at Masonic temple, Brooklyn.

Perry Belmont was the principal speaker at a Democratic meeting in the Academy of Music, Brooklyn. The 2,500 persons present enthusiastically applauded the name of Robert A. Van Wyck, Democratic candidate for mayor.

DIVISION IS SHARPLY PRESENTED.

The Question as to What Issues Shall Obtain in a City Election.

New York, Oct. 19.—Ex-President Harrison touched upon a truth regarding the New York municipal campaign in the course of an interview with Murat Halsted, published yesterday. This is that to some extent the issue is whether there shall be any issue beyond purely local lines. The question thus presented divides Democrats and Republicans alike—the latter, perhaps, more sharply than the former—as to both national and state issues. The strength of the Low independents, or Citizens' Union people, is principally among Republicans who hold to the proposition that local issues should be paramount in the city campaign; while the Republican organization insists that the fight be made upon the St. Louis platform of the party, and particularly the financial plank of that document.

The declaration in the Low platform that proper compensation be exacted for franchises granted—such as for street railways—is but one of several attempts by men, who are for the most part Republicans in presidential years, to have the campaign fought on local lines. The free silverites among the Democracy have from the outset been aggressively favoring the exploiting of their theories of finance in the city canvass, but these are in the minority, and were completely overruled in the Tammany or regular Democratic convention, and had small consideration in the councils of the Thomas Jefferson party, which made Henry George its standard-bearer.

The Democrats, however, while practically ignoring national issues, are doing some effective work on the subject of the excise law, even elevated and street railway cars being placarded with queries as to the justice of a law which levies a tax upon the larger cities, a portion of the proceeds being bestowed upon the country districts. This question of the excise law will enter also—and naturally—into the election of members of the state assembly, of whom sixty-one in a total membership of 150 are to be chosen in the Greater New York territory. The effect of this—a state issue in the main—is likely to be felt in the vote for officers of the city."

Faith in Hood's

The Great Cures by Hood's Sarsaparilla Are Indeed Marvelous.

"My husband suffered with stomach trouble so bad at times he could not work. He has taken Hood's Sarsaparilla and it is helping him wonderfully. He also had a scrofulous humor but Hood's Sarsaparilla cured this and he has had no trouble with it since. My little boy, too, has been taking Hood's Sarsaparilla and it has given him a good appetite. We have great faith in Hood's Sarsaparilla." MRS. J. H. EDWARDS, 50 Edinburg St., Rochester, New York. Be sure to get Hood's because

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Is the best—in fact the One True Blood Purifier. Sold by all druggists. $1; six for $5.

Hood's Pills are the best after-dinner pills, aid digestion. 25c

EXILED TO SIBERIA.

By WILLIAM MURRAY GRAYDON.

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[CONTINUED.]

CHAPTER XXIII.

PURSUIT AND ESCAPE.

Platoff's brave deed would probably have resulted disastrously had it not been for the presence of mind which prompted him to drag his companions to the bottom of the sledge. This, no doubt, saved their lives, for although the bullets whistled by on all sides no one was struck.

When the firing ceased, Platoff rose to his feet and looked back. The lights of the military post had vanished behind a slight crest. In the village beyond, which was on somewhat higher ground, a few scattered lights could be seen.

"Are they coming?" asked Poussin as he rose and climbed on the seat.

"No," said Platoff; "I can't hear any sounds of pursuit. They have no horses, you know."

"All seems quiet behind us," said Maurice, who was leaning over the back seat.

"What's the matter? Who was shooting?" demanded a smothered voice, and Phil poked his head and shoulders from under the rugs.

Platoff briefly explained what had just taken place and then turned his attention to the horses, which had stuck to the road in spite of the lack of guidance, and were dashing forward at a tremendous pace.

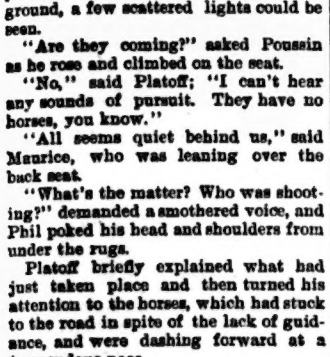
"Hand me the lines," said Poussin. "I will drive now." And with a touch of the whip he spurred the horses to still greater efforts.

"Stop!" said Platoff. "For your own safety you must put us off by the road. Your peril is too great already. It will be increased if you are caught in our company. Put us off right here, and we can easily escape to the hills."

"No," replied Poussin; "I will do nothing of the kind. At present there is no danger. The military outpost is nearly half a mile from the post station in the village. To give the alarm it is necessary for one of the soldiers to go there on foot. Of course the Cossacks will at once start in pursuit, but their horses are pretty well worn out, while ours are fresh. The next station is 50 miles distant. I can keep in advance of our pursuers at least that far. When daylight comes, I will let you out, and you can seek safety in the hills. Your absence will not be discovered until I reach the station, where, of course, I shall be arrested at once."

"Ah, my friend, escape with us," implored Platoff. "Together we will reach the coast and sail on some friendly vessel to a better country than this. Don't trust yourself to the mercies of these tyrants. They will inflict some terrible punishment"—

"I do not fear," interrupted Poussin. "I can make an explanation which I think will save me. I have not time



"Who was shooting?" demanded Phil.

to explain now. What I have done for you was only a debt. You saved my life. I hope I have saved yours. Remember your identity is unknown to me. It is even possible that the authorities will not discover for some time who my strange passengers were. Your disguise is effective, and the fact that a third man was concealed in the sledge will never be known."

In spite of Platoff's continued entreaties, Poussin remained firm.

Holding the horses with a skilled hand, he urged them on unsparingly, and the sledge skimmed over the frozen ground at a speed which made the landscape on each side one dizzy blend. Hour after hour passed on. The dark sky paled gradually, and a gray light stole over the frozen plain until the distant hills were dimly seen. Morning was close at hand, and yet no trace of the pursuit was visible. Eastward the rugged hill tops were flecked with pale crimson—a rosy mist beneath which the morning sun was creeping upward. The atmosphere was clear and radiant, revealing every tree and rock for miles around. Still the horses sped on untiringly, their nostrils white with foam, their glossy flanks damp and steaming.

Platoff and Poussin were on the front seat, Maurice and Phil behind. All were grave and silent, scanning the landscape intently, straining their ears to catch the slightest sound.

It was Maurice who sounded the alarm. His sharp cry echoed on the frosty air. His arm pointed straight to the northward, and, turning quickly, all saw on the rolling crest of a distant hill a single black streak moving in a serpentine course down the slope.

"Cossacks!" ejaculated Platoff. "A whole company at least. They are coming at full speed."

"Be calm," said Poussin. "They are fully two miles distant. The time has come to part."

He touched up the horses, and they dashed at a furious gallop over the level ground. His companions, turning in their seats, watched the approaching soldiers until they gained the plain and vanished behind the gentle undulations of the road. A moment later the sledge swept over a ridge, and Poussin drew up the panting horses in the hollow of a wooded ravine. A bubbling mountain stream poured down from the hills and emptied into the Ussum, some yards distant.

"There is no time to lose," said Poussin as the fugitives sprang to the ground. "Take these provisions, take a rug apiece, strike back into the heart of the hills and wade up the bed of the stream until the road is out of sight. Make a wide detour to reach Vladivostok. God be with you and help you to escape! There will be plenty of vessels in the harbor at this time of year. Vladivostok is now but 170 miles away by the road. Do you need anything else?"

"No," exclaimed Platoff. "We have everything. Heaven grant that no harm comes to you! I have known many brave men in my time, but none that would have dared to do what you have done"—

"Go!" said Poussin huskily. "Don't delay. Remember I must lead your pursuers far off the track that you may have time to escape."

One at a time they clasped the brave merchant's hand fervently and with tears in their eyes.

"Goodby, goodby!" they called out chokingly.

"Farewell!" said Poussin. "God be with you!" And, bringing down the whip on his restless horses, he swept up the ravine and vanished from sight over the pine crowned ridge.

The halt had been of less than two minutes' duration. The Cossacks were still two miles in the rear, and the chances of escape were good.

The fugitives had climbed out of the sledge on some loose stones that bordered the stream.

Platoff led the way carefully down to the water's edge, and, stepping fearlessly in, they waded briskly up the shallow channel, thus leaving no trace behind to show that the sledge had been relieved of its load at that point.

For fully a mile they remained in the water, penetrating deeper and deeper into the forest.

The weather was slightly milder, but the snow was still covered with a firm crust, and their feet made no impression on it as they turned aside from the stream and ascended the hill.

The country was wild and rugged, more so than it had been at any time. The forest was gloomy and dim, and the hills were gaunt and rocky, full of precipices and dark chasms.

"We are very near the Chinese border," said Platoff. "That is why the scenery is so wild and lonely. The country is uninhabited."

Fortified by their long rest, the fugitives traveled all that day at a rapid pace, covering at least 25 miles, and when twilight came on they halted among a heap of loose stones and made themselves comfortable with the rugs that Poussin had given them, and which they had carried on their backs all that day. Not daring to light a fire, they ate their supper cold, and then, not being able to sleep, talked for an hour or more over the situation.

Platoff was much distressed about Poussin.

"I fear that he will be punished severely," he said. "The government will never overlook such a thing as this, and yet he spoke as though he would be able to make a satisfactory explanation."

"Yes, he did," said Maurice. "Perhaps he has some influence at Vladivostok."

"Either that," replied Platoff, "or he is a man of wealth and can bribe the officials to overlook his indiscretion. Money is a powerful agent in this part of Siberia, 6,000 miles from St. Petersburg."

"How about the pursuit?" asked Maurice.

"Well," said Platoff, "of course they will make an effort to scour the country, but we can readily avoid the soldiers. The coast will be closely watched, though, and that is where we will encounter the most difficulty. At present we have little to fear. You must remember that our identity may not even be suspected yet, although the discovery must be made sooner or later. Don't worry over the situation, but keep up your courage." And with this admonition Platoff wrapped himself tighter in his rug and went calmly to sleep.

Maurice and Phil did not remain long awake. The spot they had chosen was a sheltered nook between a dozen big rocks, into which no cool wind could penetrate, and all slept as only weary men can, waking strengthened and refreshed at early dawn.

Platoff slipped away on a reconnoissance and returned in half an hour with the welcome news that no intruders were in the neighborhood.

"I think we can risk a little fire this morning," he said, and gathered a few pine cones and dried tips of branches. He lit them and held a tin flask of cold tea in the flames.

He smothered the fire with snow, and the warm beverage was a grateful addition to the breakfast.

On that day they first journeyed two or three miles to the westward, drawing still closer to the borders of Mongolia, and then headed slightly to the southeast, where Vladivostok lay. The same wild and barren country prevailed, and Platoff marched with great caution, keeping his revolver ready for immediate use and bidding Maurice do the same. This was not from any fear of meeting the Cossacks, for danger from this source was slight, but because they were now in a neighborhood frequented by large and ferocious tigers, and a casual encounter with one of these monarchs was not at all improbable.

Once huge footprints were seen in the snow, and the boys felt their hair beginning to rise on end.

On a closer examination it was seen that the marks had been made during the last thaw, perhaps a month before, and were frozen solidly in the crust.

In three whole days they met neither tigers nor other peril, but marched on steadily to the south, sleeping at night in crannies among the rocks. The fourth morning the air was warm, and a thin rain was falling. The long delayed spring had come at last.

"It's useless to travel," said Platoff, "in this slush. We could not make half a dozen miles. We will stay right here until the weather changes. Vladivostok is less than 100 miles distant. Let that be a consolation to you."

Fortunately the camping place they had chosen the previous night was eminently suitable for a protracted stay. It was a shallow cavern hollowed from the base of a high cliff and running back half a dozen feet, its face open, of course, and protected from wind and rain by a thick screen of young fir trees.

Thanks to Poussin's generosity it was needless to worry about food. They had plenty and to spare. Still it was a dreary four days that they spent in that rocky nook, with nothing to do but eat, sleep and talk. It rained hard day and night; the snow faded away, the ice melted and the grass underneath began to spring up with amazing rapidity. In four short days winter yielded to spring, and frozen Siberia was blossoming a paradise.

"The ice is breaking on the rivers," said Platoff, "and in the harbor of Vladivostok. The ships will anchor now in the Golden Horn, and the flags of all nations will float in the breeze."

On the morning of the fifth day the march was resumed. The sun was shining from a cloudless sky, and birds were singing sweetly in the forest.

The fugitives pressed forward with elastic step, snuffing the crisp, cool atmosphere and bathing their faces in the warm sunlight that penetrated the foliage.

At noon they halted beside a spring of ice water. They ate a hearty meal, and then, slightly fatigued by the brisk morning walk, dropped lazily on the short grass for a brief siesta.

CHAPTER XXIV.

BESIEGED BY A TIGER.

When Maurice awoke, some time later, both of his companions were sleeping soundly. The sun was far to the west, and the air was chilly and piercing.

He threw off the rug and sat up. A rustling sound not far away attracted his attention, and, looking across the forest, he saw a deer—a big buck with branching horns—strolling past an open glade, 30 yards distant.

With sudden excitement he extended a trembling hand for his revolver and rose to his feet. He was hungry for fresh venison, and here was too good a chance to be neglected. The canned food and musty cheese put up by the starosta was beginning to grow wearisome.

He delayed for a moment, uncertain whether to awake his companions or not.

"Better let them sleep," he thought. "I won't be gone long."

The deer by this time had crossed the glade and vanished in the forest beyond, so Maurice started off briskly, intending to make a wide detour and get ahead of his victim.

He ran up the valley for nearly a quarter of a mile, keeping close to the base of the hill, and then crept cautiously down into the hollow, peering ahead through the leafless branches of the trees.

In this sheltered retreat patches of snow still lay here and there on the ground, and through one such spot—an open glade—Maurice tramped heedlessly.

Still he saw no trace of the deer. He paused and listened intently, but the forest was very still. He drew back into a clump of bushes and sat down on a fallen log.

The minutes passed on without interruption, and he had about made up his mind to return to his companions when a sudden crash echoed through the forest, and he sprang to his feet in wild excitement just in time to see the frightened deer go past him like a streak.

Something had scared the animal badly.

The possibility that a tiger was lurking in the vicinity made Maurice's blood run cold, but on second thought he was inclined to believe that his companions were awake and searching for him.

Under this impression he was about to leave his hiding place and start up the valley when a sight met his eyes that caused him to crouch deeper in the bushes with a shudder.

Through the forest, less than 40 yards distant, came a burly Cossack, resplendent in his green uniform.

In one hand he held a rifle, and with the other he led his horse.

Close behind him was a second soldier, also on foot and leading his steed by the bridle.

They advanced into the open glade, bending over the ground and apparently conversing. Like a flash the truth entered Maurice's mind. They had discovered his footprints in the patches of snow and were following up his trail.

For a moment he gave himself up for lost. The Cossacks were between him and his companions, so that retreat up the valley was cut off. The footmarks showed the direction he had taken, and he was in danger of discovery at any moment.

He had presence of mind enough to remember the steep and rocky hillside behind him. If he could gain that and climb up the face, he might escape after all. The Cossacks certainly could not follow him on horseback, and on foot the chances were even.

Thrusting the revolver into his belt, he dropped on hands and knees and crawled off into the forest until the enemy were out of sight. Then, rising to his feet, he dashed off across the valley at full speed.

A short run brought him to rising ground, and he pressed on up the slope faster than ever and soon reached a level stretch at the base of a hill. The first glance brought despair to his heart. Overhead were steep and barren rocks, rising many feet in air, and here and there a stunted pine tree.

To ascend this place was impossible, for the rocky ledges jutted out from the face of the cliff.

He turned and ran at full speed, searching vainly for some nook to hide in or a break in the rugged precipice that would allow him to ascend. He tore through thorn bushes and bruised his feet on sharp stones, but these mishaps were unheeded, for he imagined constantly that the Cossacks were on his track.

The path now became blocked with loose bowlders, and in his haste among these he stripped and came heavily to the ground.

He rose painfully to his feet—rose to find himself face to face with a monstrous tiger—a huge tawny beast that lay supine on the ground.

The disturbed brute lifted his head sleepily and surveyed the intruder with glittering eyes. His long, spotted tail twitched, and from his throat issued a deep growl.

The tiger made no attempt to rise. He looked at Maurice, and Maurice looked at him, and in this position they remained for a full minute. Maurice slid his hand cautiously toward his belt, and the revolver was already in his grasp when he suddenly remembered that even should he succeed in shooting the tiger, which was improbable, the shot would at once draw the Cossacks to the spot, and he would be in a worse plight than ever.

The tiger solved the difficulty by slowly rising, and that broke the spell.

Wheeling around, Maurice darted at the top of his speed back along the cliff. A hoarse growl warned him that the tiger was coming in pursuit, and in desperation he cast his eyes about for a refuge.

Such a place met his sight instantly, a deep crack in the very edge of the hill, running parallel with the ground. It was possibly wide enough for him to crawl in, and without stopping to weigh the chances he threw himself flat and ran his head and shoulders into the crevice. It was a tight squeeze, but with a prodigious effort he managed to drag his whole body inside and crawl back a few feet from the opening. This he had barely accomplished when the pursuing tiger pounced angrily upon the spot and thrust his great jaws into the hole, growling horribly all the while. Maurice, seizing a loose fragment of stone, dealt the brute a violent blow on the nose.

He drew back instantly, screaming with rage, and Maurice took advantage of this interval to squeeze still deeper into the crack. The floor was of soft, sticky clay. The roof, which pressed down on his head and body, was covered with stalactites, and from these fell water with a constant drip.

His situation was decidedly uncomfortable. He could scarcely move his legs, and he had the restricted use of one arm only, while the icy water chilled him to the bone.

Meanwhile the tiger, squatted outside on the ground, was working himself into a terrible rage. Presently he sprang to the mouth of the crevice, and, rolling half over on his side, made a vicious dig at Maurice with his fore paw, catching the lad's arm and ripping open the heavy sleeve from the elbow down. The sharp claws tore the flesh, and the smell of blood rendered the beast furious. With eyes that shone like fire and snarling ferociously he tried again and again to reach his victim, jamming his head against the stalactites and stretching his great claws like india rubber.

Maurice drew himself as far back as possible, expecting each moment that the great paws would seize him and drag him out.

He made no further attempt to strike the brute with the stone he still held in his hand, fearing it would only incite him to greater efforts.

All this time the loaded pistol was

The sight caused him to crouch deeper in the bushes.

still in his belt, but he dared not fire. He could easily reach it, and no doubt he could kill the tiger without difficulty, but the report would surely bring the Cossacks to the spot. If his life was in actual danger, he determined he would use the weapon, not before. He little thought how soon the alternative would be presented.

For five minutes or more the tiger thrust his claws repeatedly into the crevice. Then he drew off a yard or so and sat on his haunches, licking his bloody nose and whining angrily.

Hope sprang up anon in Maurice's breast, and he began to think that the brute would leave him in peace. But suddenly, with a hoarse growl, the tiger bounded forward again, and with its powerful fore paws began to dig furiously at the soft, miry clay about the mouth of the hole. The loose chunks of dirt flew in every direction, and the cavity grew larger every second.

In a very short time the tiger would be able to enter. Maurice realized that if anything was to be done it must be done at once.

Either he must slay the animal at the risk of being recaptured by the Cossacks or he must be torn to pieces and devoured. He chose the first alternative. At that moment, face to face with the brute's bloodshot eyes and lolling tongue, even the mines of Kara seemed preferable to such a death.

With some difficulty he drew the revolver from his belt and succeeded in cocking it.

The tiger was still pawing away with undiminished energy, and even now the cavity thus made seemed to Maurice's eyes fully large enough to admit the brute's head and shoulders.

Still, although in the very jaws of death, as it were, he hesitated to fire.

Then he remembered that, with one single spring, the tiger could reach him, and in sudden terror he pointed the revolver full at the savage eyes. His finger was already pressing the trigger when an inspiration flashed into his mind that changed the whole course of events.

"The pepper!" he exclaimed aloud. "I'll try it." And, lowering the weapon, he thrust his hand into his coat pocket.

It so happened that among the provisions provided by the starosta had been a small bottle of red pepper.

Platoff, with the Russian fondness for fiery dishes, made frequent use of this on nearly everything he ate, and that very morning, having forgotten it when they left their camping place, Maurice had picked it up and put it in his own pocket. Now he suddenly remembered it. He gave a sigh of relief when his fingers closed on the bottle, and, drawing it out, he pulled the cork with his teeth.

The tiger suddenly suspended operations and blew the dirt off his whiskers. Now was the critical moment. Reaching out his arm, Maurice dashed half the contents of the bottle into the brute's very eyes.

The effect exceeded his highest anticipations. Sneezing and snarling in one breath, the tiger sprang away from the crevice and rolled in agony on the ground, completely overcome by the pungent dust.

Maurice held the bottle in readiness for a second onslaught.

Overjoyed at his success, he was watching the brute's strange antics when suddenly over the edge of the hill appeared the astrakhan cap of a Cossack, speedily followed by the head and shoulders.

Before he could see whether more were behind a rifle cracked sharply—from some spot up among the rocks apparently—and the Cossack toppled over backward with a cry of agony.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

YAWN AND LAUGH OFTEN.

Scientists Declare That Both Are Highly Beneficial.

It is not so very long ago since a foreign scientist discoursed on the benefits of yawning. This act, which is generally regarded as partaking of the nature of a tired condition, or symptom of such a condition, of the respiration and of the need for fresh air, is said to be of great service in clearing the eustachian tubes of the ears. These tubes lead from the back of the mouth to the inner side of the ear drum, and a yawning is looked upon in this light as a hygienic exercise which benefits the structures in question.

Another scientist has no difficulty in showing that when we laugh we increase the play of tension in our lungs. One result of this increased tension is to arrest the blood flow in the lungs and to induce the taking of deep inspirations. These latter are healthful things, for many parts of our lungs are not called into active use in ordinary breathing. The apex, or top of the lung, is notably a part which does not actively participate in the movements of breathing, and as this is the special seat of consumption attack we may reasonably hold that the law of disuse explains the greater liability of this portion of the organ to the onset of disease. The free and active use of a part, strengthening and toning it, as it were, is an essential condition for health; hence laughter, by bringing into play the whole of the lungs, or at least by favoring an increase of lung work, is to be reckoned an admirable exercise.

Besides this physical effect of laughter we have also to take into account its mental side. There is a certain brain stimulus to be noted, a psychic result, in addition to the physical effect, and it is pretty certain the mental phase of a good, hearty laugh is, in its way, as healthful as is its physical aspect. Singing is also praised as an excellent lung exercise, and public speaking is as effective a lung tonic as one may wish for. The only drawback to the work of the speaker is the foul condition of the atmosphere in which he has often to do his work.—Exchange.

The African Piano.

Among the musical instruments used on the Congo we notice the long and short drum. Some drums are used to beat the time of the dance. Some other drums are used as telephones for the transmission of messages to neighboring villages. The stringed instruments represent the African harp. The ivory horns are used for the convocation of popular assemblies. The double bell is used to call the attention of the people to some proclamation of the chief. The Africans everywhere are very musical, but their music does not always suit European taste.

The African dance is not always indulged in for amusement alone. Dancing enters into some of the most solemn ceremonies, as, for instance, the inauguration of a new king. Then the chief elect of the tribe dances very gravely before the assembled elders and the people.

The madimba had been called the African piano. It is made of calabashes of graded sizes, which are surmounted by boards, of graded sizes also, all being attached to a semicircular frame. Each board represents a note or half tone and emits its appointed sound when struck by one of the two rubber balls at the ends of two sticks, which are cleverly handled by the musician. While almost every native can beat the drum or play some of the minor musical instruments, the playing of the madimba is an art which only a few specialists learn. They must be paid for playing at festivities or ceremonies, and their art supports them, either partly or entirely.—Journal of American Folk Lore.

FIBROID TUMOR

Expelled by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

Interview With Mrs. B. A. Lombard.

I have reason to think that I would not be here now if it had not been for Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. It cured me of a fibroid tumor in my womb.

Doctors could do nothing for me, and they could not cure me at the hospital. I will tell you about it:

I had been in my usual health, but had worked quite hard. When my monthly period came on, I flowed very badly. The doctor gave me medicine, but it did me no good. He said the flow must be stopped if possible, and he must find the cause of my trouble.

Upon examination, he found there was a Fibroid Tumor in my womb, and gave me treatment without any benefit whatever. About that time a lady called on me, and recommended Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, said she owed her life to it. I said I would try it, and did. Soon after the flow became more natural and regular. I still continued taking the Compound for some time. Then the doctor made an examination again, and found everything all right. The tumor had passed away and that dull ache was gone.—MRS. B. A. LOMBARD, Box 71, Westdale, Mass.

Methods of the Blind.

The blind man has to depend almost entirely on the accuracy of his ears to guide him wherever he may wish to go, and it is remarkable in what a short time he becomes familiar with a new locality and fresh surroundings.

Few people are aware of the powers of the ear, but the blind, through constant exercise of that organ, are able to discover objects almost as rapidly as a seeing person.

For instance, when walking in a perfect calm, he can ascertain the proximity of objects by the feeling of the atmosphere upon his face. It would seem at first that the echo given back, were it only from his breathing, might be sensible to his ear, but it has been ascertained by experiment that a blind man with his ears stopped can tell when any large object is close to his face, even when it approaches so slowly as not to cause any sensible current of air.

When he is walking along the street, he can tell whether it is wide or narrow, whether the houses are high or low, if any opening which he may be passing is a court closed up at the end or whether it has an outlet to another street, and he can tell by the sound of his footsteps in what lane, or court, or square he is.

He goes along boldly, seeming to see with his ears and to have landmarks in the air. Of course no blind man likes to go over a new route unattended, but after he has traversed it once he knows every point of importance to him.—Pearson's Weekly.

Quite a Simple Matter.

Jilkins is the factotum of an artist who has made some noise in the world and is quite as important a personage, in his own estimation, as his master. One day a lady called on the artist in the absence of the latter and was received by Jilkins.

"Dear me," she cried, glancing first at an incomplete picture and then at Jilkins, "I declare it is very much like you!"

"It is me," said Jilkins, with a superior air. "I sits for all his old men. That's what he's specially good at."

"You must be a very useful person to your employer," observed the visitor. "So you think that Mr. Blank, R. A., is especially good at old men?"

"Yes. Cos why? Cos he's got nothing to do! I order his frames, wash his brushes, set his palettes, mix his colors and sit there for him to look at. How can he help being good? He's got nothing to do but shove the paint on!"—Strand Magazine.

Cats and Fish.

A sea captain tells of his sailing in southern seas where flying fish abound. They would sometimes in their flight in the night come aboard the ship and drop to the deck. He had three cats that, though they were lying asleep below, would hear the sound whenever a fish struck the deck and would rush up to get it. They distinguished this from all other sounds. The crew tried to imitate it in various ways, but could not deceive the cats.

Sahara Oasis.

French experts in the desert of Sahara are expressing apprehensions at the gradual diminution of the fertile oases. It is known that the large oases were much larger in the time of the ancient Romans and that they are being constantly reduced in size by the encroachments of the sand dunes. The problem is how to stop these.

Open to the Public.

"One thing surprised me out in Yellowstone park."

"What was that?"

"I didn't see any signs around 'Keep off the geysers.'"—Chicago Record.

Negotiations extending over three years were necessary before a Michigan man could buy two islands, comprising five acres, from the government. The price paid was $5.50.

The dairy business of Missouri, according to the agricultural department of that state, represents an investment of over $5,000,000 and an annual output of $1,500,000.

Everybody Says So.

Cascarets Candy Cathartic, the most wonderful medical discovery of the age, pleasant and refreshing to the taste, act gently and positively on kidneys, liver and bowels, cleansing the entire system, dispel colds, cure headache, fever, habitual constipation and biliousness. Please buy and try a box of C. C. C. to-day; 10, 25, 50 cents. Sold and guaranteed to cure by all druggists.

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AMUSEMENTS.

Following are the announcements for the principal places of amusement during the coming week:

HOOLEY'S THEATRE.
Randolph-st., between Clark and LaSalle-sts.—Charles Frohman's Empire Stock Co.

McVICKER'S THEATRE.
Madison street, between State and Dearborn—"The Mysterious Mr. Bugle."

COLUMBIA THEATRE.
Monroe street, between Dearborn and Clark—Julia Marlowe.

GRAND OPERA HOUSE.
Clark-st., between Washington and Randolph—Mr. Roland Reed.

SCHILLER THEATRE.
Randolph street, between Dearborn and Clark—"The Cat and the Cherub."

CHICAGO OPERA HOUSE.
Southwest corner Clark and Washington-sts.—Vaudeville.

HAYMARKET THEATRE.
West Madison-st, between Halsted and Union—Vaudeville.

"We must tolerate one another, or else tolerate the common enemy."—"What Great Britain tramples on in Ireland will rise to sting her in America."—*Henry Grattan.*

"'Tis not strength, and 'tis not steel
Alone can make the English reel,
But wisdom working day by day
Till comes the time for passion's sway;
The patient dint and powder shock
Can blast an empire like a rock!"
—*Thomas Davis.*

DOES THE REPUBLICAN PARTY WISH TO DIE?

From Washington, D. C., has repeatedly come of late telegrams to two Chicago evening newspapers to the following effect:

"A new arbitration treaty for the settlement of disputes by the United States and Great Britain has been decided on by President McKinley.

"Sir Julian Pauncefote, the British ambassador, is expected in Washington early next week, and negotiations are to be commenced immediately upon his return.

"It is decided to perfect a treaty for submission to the senate in December.

"President McKinley is exceedingly anxious to perfect this treaty with England, and every effort will be made in framing the new treaty to remove the features which proved objectionable to the senate in the one drawn up by Secretary Olney.

"In overcoming the objections of senators the president will be assisted by Senators Hanna and Foraker.

"The necessity for a treaty with England becomes daily more apparent. Diplomatic negotiations on a variety of inconsequential subjects are conducted in a rasping tone and indicative of ill-feeling or a lack of finish in the art of statecraft.

"The more aggressive policy of the United States in throwing her protective power over Hawaii and Cuba opens the way for foreign complications and emphasizes the necessity for relations of neutrality or friendliness with the greatest naval power in the world.

"The business conservatism represented in the administration approves such a treaty because of the effect it would have in establishing trade stability and the promotion of closer international business relations.

"With the certainty that amicable relations between the two great English-speaking nations would not be disturbed, the countries would become commercially one, with all England's financial resources at our command, and all our latent and undeveloped opportunities at hers.

"The recent attitude of England on the Bering sea matter has not tended to increase the good-will of those who oppose the arbitration treaty."

We think President McKinley, unless he is differently constructed from most of his predecessors, will be an aspirant for a second term in his high office. If he imagines that, after the recent display of ill temper and malignity made by the British press against America, an Anglo-American arbitration treaty would be popular, we think he is egregiously mistaken. Whatever chance of passing the original bill may have had, we do not think the new one, considering recent unpleasant friction between the two countries, would have "a ghost of a show" in the Senate, no matter how much sugar coating might encase the British pill. President McKinley was not elected for the purpose of making this country a vassal of England. He has been, up to date, slow in fulfilling the pledges made in the platform on which he was elected, and national Americans will hardly endure in patience the indignity of being forced to wait for an English alliance before the United States dares to annex Hawaii or recognize Cuba. We were glad enough to get rid of English suzerainty more than a century ago, and nobody wants it back in any shape but a parcel of dudish traitors, who ought to be driven bag and baggage from the country their disloyalty disgraces. We would not, for a moment, insult the President by implying that he would willingly, or knowingly, represent, by his action, the policy of those emasculated Anglo-Yankee renegades.

We are told that Senators Hanna and Foraker will assist the President in making the proposed new treaty agreeable to the Senate. We know very little about Mr. Hanna, who has only recently come under public notice and is practically a greenhorn in affairs of state, but we have some knowledge of Senator Foraker, and he must have changed his sentiments of stalwart Americanism very recently if he should now, or at any time in the future, lend himself to the unworthy office of being whipper-in for English interests in the "upper branch" of the National legislature. Besides, we are not at all sure that Foraker owes so much to Hanna or to McKinley as to become their Man Friday in this contemplated disgraceful business.

Another thing, President McKinley had better consider is this: There are thousands of young Irish-Americans who would be heartily with the Republican party if they were not, and with good reason, afraid that the recognized chiefs of that party—including McKinley himself—are most eager to become the henchmen of English policy in this country. They may hide this desire behind the claim that they strike England heaviest by maintaining high tariff, but, once England gets the United States under her thumb, as proposed by the alleged McKinley policy, the tariff will not long be allowed to stand in the way of her ambition. It will go along with our diplomatic independence, which McKinley, unless he is greatly belied, proposes to destroy.

The first thing the Republican leaders will find is that their great and powerful rival, the Democratic party, will publicly, and emphatically, protest against this contemplated infamy, and will dare the Republicans to a trial of strength before the people on that very issue. If it does, it will beat them so badly that McKinley and his English alliance project will become a stench in the nostrils of all patriotic and self-respecting Americans. On such an issue, no American citizen worthy of the name would vote the Republican ticket, because, in so doing, he would become a traitor to his country.

A MOST WORTHY CHARITY.

There is a grim prospect that the mines at Coal City, Ill., will be "closed out" all winter, and actual, bitter want stares the miners and their wives and children in the face. The good Catholic pastor of Coal City, Rev. Dr. De Paradis, who has been the most active friend of all the people of the place, regardless of race or religion, anticipating great hardship and suffering, has set himself zealously to work to procure aid for the distressed miners of Coal City, and is now busy organizing a relief committee to act with him. The Santa Fe and Alton railroads, which enter Coal City, have agreed to carry all donations of food and clothing, whether new or cast off—all will be acceptable—free of charge, and the Wells-Fargo Express company has agreed to do the same thing. The Rev. Dr. De Paradis will receive all donations sent to him, including money, and will have them distributed among the poor irrespective of creed or previous nationality. The people are now in sore need, and we hope the readers of THE CITIZEN will second the efforts of the good priest to feed the hungry and clothe the naked during the season of enforced idleness.

THE QUEEN'S O'REILLY.

We deeply regret to see that a certain British lieutenant, named O'Reilly, was among the slain in a recent skirmish in India. We have as hearty a contempt for this "Queen's O'Reilly" as the clansmen of Hugh O'Neil had for the same brood in their time, and our regret is to see an ancient and honorable name disgraced by such unworthy sons. "How long, Oh Lord, how long" will it be until Irishmen cease to shed their blood in England's accursed piratical war? If they will not fight for Ireland why can't they at least refrain from fighting for her enemy, and consequently against her? How can Ireland expect the sympathy of the world, or even of Irishmen abroad, when the army of her oppressor is constantly recruited from among her own children? And what is their reward? To be treated like dogs by every popinjay officer who 'ates the Hirish, and to fill unhonored, nameless graves in some land where their memory will be justly desecrated for helping to fasten England's accursed yoke on free people. Are these mercenaries the sons of the men of '98? It is as hard to believe they are as to believe that the paltry Greeks, who ran like sheep from the Turks, are the descendants of the heroes who blocked the Pass of Thermopylae, scattered the countless hosts of the Persians at Platea and Marathon, and filled the Hellespont with their dead. Was it for such men as this red-coat O'Reilly that

"Lord Edward died and Wolfe Tone
sank serene?"

Was it for the serfs who

"Take the blood-stained Saxon shilling"

that the Yellow Ford, Benburb, The Pass of Plumes, Glendaloch, Saintfield, Vinegar Hill, Wicklow, Wexford, New Ross and a thousand other battlefields were heaped high with Saxon corpses? It is an insult to the heroic dead to believe it, and we decline to do so and leave the hateful subject.

ENGLAND IN INDIA.

The following letter by the London correspondent of the New York Sun is so closely in harmony with our often expressed views, that we cheerfully present it to our readers:

"The British government is fully alive now to the fact that British interests throughout the far East are vitally imperilled, and England is virtually powerless to resist the combination for her undoing which has been preparing among the Continental powers. She is willing now to make the most substantial concessions, and especially to Russia and France, in order to save what she can for herself in that region.

"There comes, curiously enough just at this time, a highly interesting confirmation of the general plans which Prince Lobanof entertained for the overthrow of British supremacy, and which I described in the Sun at the time of the death of that statesman. The details are supplied to the Vienna correspondent of the Times by a friend of Prince Lobanof, as follows:

"'Prince Lobanof left certain papers in which he defined his views touching Russia's mission in the world. Among other things, the prince pointed to England and Germany as the two powers from which Russia had most to fear. He believed that in four years, when the Russian railroad system in Asia would be completed, there should be no delay in striking a decisive blow at India. If this were attended with success, Prince Lobanof considered that the bonds uniting the British colonies with the mother country would be materially loosened, and the decline of the British Empire would follow.

"'On the other hand, an alliance with France affords Russia security against Germany. Prince Lobanof made light of an Austro-German entente in that he thought it possible that Austria-Hungary might eventually recover her position in Germany, which would seem to indicate that he had in view a rapprochement between the dual monarchy and France, for without the aid of the latter such a project could never have formed a part of his calculations.

"'Prince Lobanof also aimed at including Turkey in his combination against Germany, obviously in order, when the critical moment came, that the Turk should not be available as an ally of the German Empire against Austria.'

"Whether this is a correct outline of Prince Lobanof's ideas or not, it is certain that the Russian policy was implacably anti-British then and is now. It is also certain that the conditions since Prince Lobanof's death have steadily tended toward the point where the probability of the success of his plans has increased."

We have frequently alluded to the tremendous strides which Russia is making toward British India. If Prince Lobanof's views were correct we will not have long to wait to see Russia "striking a decisive blow at India," as her railroad system has been pushed on with such astonishing vigor and celerity that the whistles of the Russian engines can almost be heard in the ancient fortress of Herat—the gate to the Indies. The prince was certainly correct when he considered that "the bonds uniting the British colonies with the mother country would be materially loosened," as the British acknowledge that India is a seething mass of discontent and the gallant Afridis and other mountain tribes are busily engaged in the laudable work of shooting the British invaders. More power to the same Afridis. Any man who cannot see the hand of Russia in the present uprising in and around the Khyber Pass, knows little about the history of the last forty years in that locality. One of the most significant hints which we have read lately is that which said that the Czar had given assurances to the Ameer of Afghanistan that he would defend him if the British encroached on his possessions. Said possessions cover 279,000 square miles in the heart of the Hindu Koosh mountains with a population of 4,000,000 souls, closely pressed on each side by Russia and England, and jealously watched by both.

Every drop of blood shed in the present contest will be bitterly revenged when Russia is ready to move. And when she moves "the decline of the British Empire," predicted by Prince Lobanof, will be close at hand. God send it soon. Ever since that memorable day in 1841 when the gallant Akhbar Kahn and his mountain tribesmen (the ancestors of the Afridis and their compatriots) cut a British column to ribbons in the Khyber Pass, England has been thirsting for revenge, and in that unholy cause, an Irish lord, Roberts, led a British army as far as Cabool, but being unable to secure a footing there, retreated, leaving a heritage of vengeance behind him. Unable to conquer Afghanistan England has shown her weakness by subsidizing the Ameer, but the subsidy does not seem to have much effect on his subjects as they are in open hostility against the subsidizers just now. As Davis sang of the Irish Brigade at Fontenoy—

"The treasured wrongs of fifty years
are in their hearts today."

And we earnestly hope to live to see the English treated to a hundred Fontenoys in long-suffering India. Wherever a hand is raised, or a blow struck, against the English pirates, whether it be by the French, the Russians, the Germans, the Afghans, the Soudanese, the Boers or any other nation, tribe or people, the heart of every true Irishman will go out in sympathy to them. "Every friend of England is Ireland's enemy and every enemy of England is Ireland's friend." This is our political gospel, and any Irishman who cannot subscribe to that doctrine is a mere West Briton, who was born in Ireland by mistake.

THE CRIMINAL IRISH FACTIONISTS.

The American daily press has been, for some time, more or less "sour" on the Irish question. Many articles have been written in a fiercely sarcastic spirit, and certain leading Irish, or rather Celtic, characteristics—among them pride and jealously—have not been mildly dealt with. Well, we think this kind of criticism is good medicine. We can find little fault with it, because, indeed, we have ourselves frequently castigated the knaves and fools who set their own petty spites and ambitions above the good of their country. They have read in vain the pages of that country's sorrowful history—

Crumbled by a foreign weight
And by worse—domestic hate.

It is not enough that we have still on hand the old, ridiculous feud of Orange and Green. The Green is divided against itself, while the Orange and the Red are strongly united against it. No matter where we turn, we find this damnable spirit of faction cropping up. It is displayed in the disgraceful attitude of the self-destroying "Irish party"—split into three or more fragments, and with the leaders of each hurling vituperation editorially, or from the platform, at their rivals. It reminds us of Mr. Midshipman Easy's triangular duel. Redmond fires at Dillon, Dillon fires at Healy and the latter fires at both, who industriously return the fire with interest. The English, of course, are delighted at this maniacal exhibition, as why, indeed, should they not be? It is the justification of—that is if anything can justify—their usurpation of government over Ireland. "We told you so!" is the Satanic chorus of the British press. "These Irish are incapable of self-government. See how they fight among themselves!"

When united, the Irish Parliamentary Party did not accomplish much that will prove of lasting benefit. Divided it is, and will continue to be, contemptible. Three men bar the way to union—John Dillon, John Redmond and Timothy Healy. All three are able men, and their united talents would command the respect of England; but when their talents are used to smite each other, England and the English look upon them with, we are obliged to confess, well merited scorn. In the stormy days of the French Revolution, leaders far less guilty were brought to the guillotine for being enemies of the people. The Irish leaders named, outside of their immediate narrow following, are distrusted by this generation of their countrymen and will be damned by the rising one. They are the cause of all the lukewarmness, want of confidence and general subsidence of Irish patriotic enthusiasm throughout the world. These three men, if they continue in their present course, will be deemed infamous. They have, by their factious words and attitude, by their eternal quarrels over precedence or money, murdered the cause of their country, and they stand jointly and severally as political criminals before the bar of the world's public opinion. They are England's most efficient allies. They keep Ireland divided, and while they live, and exercise their present power for evil, they are worth to the British enemy in Ireland a standing army of one hundred thousand men.

Irish indignation everywhere should be directed against the three mischievous leaders of three mischievous factions. They should be told, in the expressive American slang phrase, which exactly suits their case, to "Come off the perch" and give their unhappy country a chance for life. They remind us of the famous "Three Crows:"

There were three crows perched on a bench,
And sore they reeked of factious stench:
Says one of them unto the other,
"I do not want you for a brother!"
The third crow says unto the two,
"I'll not consort with such as you!"
Meanwhile the farmer got his gun
And blew the head off every one.

In this case England represents the farmer, who, while the crows are quarreling, takes sure aim for their destruction. Unfortunately, they are not to be the only sufferers. Ireland, as usual, will be the sufferer, cursed, as Scotland was, by leaders who love themselves very much better than the land that bore them.

We are sorry to write thus bitterly, for we have no personal ill feeling whatever toward either of the men mentioned in this article. On the contrary, in a social sense, we like them all, but we deem it our duty to place the blame of the present depressed Irish situation where it rightfully belongs—on the shoulders of Messrs. Dillon, Redmond and Healy.

NOTICE TO SECRETARIES, ETC.

The pressure on our space this week compels us to leave out several local reports of societies. If the latter desire to have their proceedings published in THE CITIZEN promptly, they must send in their reports not later than Tuesday of each week. All communications must be addressed to the Editor at this office. Otherwise they are liable to be overlooked.

MISS O'BRIEN'S CONCERT.

We are reluctantly compelled to hold over an extended notice of Miss Bessie O'Brien's successful debut as a singer at Central Music hall, Wednesday night, until next week. Her rendition of "Kathleen Mavourneen" has never been surpassed in this city.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"T. O. D.," city.—"The Boys of Wexford," written to an old air, combined with some words of the original song, was composed by the late gifted Irish poet, Dr. Robert Dwyer Joyce, author of "Deirdre" and a book of stirring ballads. It has been published several times in THE CITIZEN. We consider it one of the best of Irish popular ballads, but hardly equal to Thomas Davis' "Green Above the Red."

THE jury in the Luetget case failed to reach a verdict, after sixty-six hours' of delibertion, and were discharged by Judge Tuthill on Thursday morning.

THE sudden death of George M. Pullman on Monday took the city by surprise, as few were aware that he was in failing health. Heart disease was the immediate cause of dissolution. He leaves a massive fortune.

THE HIBERNIAN FAIR.

For courage, enterprise and business acumen commend to us the Ancient Order of Hibernians of Cook county. A few weeks ago was witnessed the completion of the purchase, payment and dedication of a monument and mortuary lot in Mount Olivet cemetery, involving the expenditure of thousands of dollars. The whole venture has been completed; not a cent of debt to trouble future generations—a style of doing business somewhat unusual in society enterprises. The applause of the multitude which gathered on Mount Olivet has scarce died away when those tireless Hibernians are again to the fore. This time they say they are going to build a Hibernian hall, and we positively believe they will do it. The announcement is hardly made when they say how they intend to get the funds, and already are advertising an "Irish Fair" to be held in Battery D and 2nd Regiment armory, commencing Dec. 4. The map of Ireland, covered with the genuine soil of every county, will greet the visitors and every exile will have a chance of putting his or her foot on the native sod without crossing the Atlantic. Thirty-five booths, appropriately decorated, will represent the counties of Ireland as well as our own great city, state and nation.

Goods from the "Old Sod"—Derry merschaums, black twist, blackthorns, poplin, lace and linen, as well as "ould ancientry" will gladden the eye among the pictured artistic work of men whose able efforts will produce scenic displays Blarney's song-famed castle, O'Malley's war beaten towers, Donegal's venerated abbeys, Limerick's memorable treaty stone, Wexford's blood-stained hills and Dublin's classic city. And the people from every corner of old Erin's green isle will gather to meet once more the friends they see only at Ogden's grove, which is chiefly the men's outing, while the "Fair" will be the colouration of the woman of the house and the fair colleen. Over the entrance will blaze the reason for it all, and each man's blood will flow quicker in his veins and his visits be many when he reads the announcement that the proceeds are to be devoted for the purpose of erecting the Emmet Memorial Hall. Many a tongue will express and many a heart will echo the old refrain: "God bless the Ancient Order; they are a noble band."

The question of success does not enter into consideration, as nothing the A. O. H. undertakes with earnestness can or could be a failure.

REV. FATHER CROKE'S WELCOME HOME.

On Tuesday evening, the 12th inst., St. Andrew's court, C. O. F., united with the Blessed Margaret Mary court, W. C. O. F., in tendering a "Cead Mille Failthe" to Rev. Father Andrew Croke, the beloved pastor of St. Andrew's parish, Lake View. Music, oratory, feasting, flowers and dancing contributed to the happiness of the occasion. The graceful address of welcome was delivered, in his usual happy vein, by Ald. J. C. Cannon of the 26th ward. Father Croke's response was the feature of the evening, and was greeted with warm and friendly applause, expressing the high and fond esteem in which he is so deservedly held. The following ladies and gentlemen participated in the exercises: Miss Mae Healy, Mrs. P. J. McCaffrey, Miss Marie Keilligher, Miss Rose Gilligan, the Heavey brothers, Messrs. Frank Egan, Harry Oldham, Chas. S. Berry, M. Murray and Simon J. Forhan.

Miss Mae Healey's delightful singing has been favorably commented upon in these columns before, and we may add, no words of praise can overestimate the sweetness and purity of her voice. Miss Rose Gilligan was heartily encored and was a prime favorite with the audience. Mr. Frank Egan captured the house by his singing, both humorous and sentimental. Mr. J. P. Heavey, whose smile "is childlike and bland," was most enthusiastically received, and might have filled the entire programme had he responded to the repeated calls of the audience. Mr. Simon J. Forhan closed the literary programme with "The Battle of Fontenoy."

Mr. M. C. Donnellan, Chief Ranger St. Andrew's court, presided in a happy manner, and Mrs. N. J. Blique, Chief Ranger Blessed Margaret Mary court, superintended the tables, which were loaded with edibles, and beautifully decorated with flowers. It was an occasion to be long remembered with pleasure.

S. J. F.

PERSONAL.

Mrs. John C. Robinson, President of the Catholic Woman's National League, left the city Monday evening as delegate to the State Federation of Women's Clubs at Jacksonville, Ill.

Miss Maud Gonne left Paris for Ireland, en route for America, on the 28th ult. She was met at the Gare du Nord by a deputation from the Paris Young Ireland society, and presented with a bouquet of flowers.

A. O. H. MONUMENT UNVEILING.

The fine picture of the unveiling of the A. O. H. monument at Mount Olivet cemetery on Sunday, Sept. 5, is now ready and for sale by M. F. Fanning, secretary of Div. 12, No. 4246 Indiana avenue. No Hibernian should be without one of these pictures.

DEATH OF WILLIAM FITZGERALD.

Mr. William Fitzgerald, of Lynn, died on the 25th ult., at the age of fifty seven years. Mr. Fitzgerald was born in Queen's county, Ireland, and when a youth emigrated to England, where he lived for some years, residing in Manchester. He took a prominent part in the Fenian movement in England in 1866-67, and was held in such esteem by his exiled countrymen that he was promoted to the command of a "circle." When Col. Kelly and Capt. Deasy, Fenian leaders, were rescued from the police in Manchester, in 1867, by the smashing open of the prison van, the English police made a sweep on all the Fenian leaders in Manchester, all of whom were known to them by means of the spy and informer system. "B." Fitzgerald, as his title was, was arrested with a number of others. Young Fitzgerald, then in the prime of his manhood, resisted arrest and fought like a lion in company with some others who were overcome by superior numbers, and finally taken to prison.

Fitzgerald was tried for treason with a number of others, many of whom were convicted and were given long terms of imprisonment, but was acquitted on account of the evidence against him being so glaringly false that, Irishman as he was, even a British jury refused to find him guilty.

He was badly injured in his combat with the police, when resisting arrest, and had an arm broken, and after his liberation he had to spend fourteen weeks in a hospital undergoing treatment.

Coming to America soon after, he for some years resided in Rockland and Boston, and went to Lynn about fourteen years ago, where he has since resided and worked at his trade of a shoemaker. Although a strong lover of American institutions he always had a green spot in his heart for the land of his birth, and always gave liberally of his means since coming to this country to further the Irish National cause. He was a devout Catholic, a regular attendant at St. Joseph's church, and always took a prominent part in church matters.

Deceased leaves a widow and seven children, namely, John Fitzgerald, of Lynn; Mrs. John O'Connell, of Boston; Mrs. William Perry, Mrs. William Costello, Patrick J. Fitzgerald, William Fitzgerald and Elizabeth Fitzgerald, all of Lynn.—Boston Pilot.

The Arena for October.

The Arena for October continues the battle for reform. The number is especially interesting and in some parts brilliant; it is in all parts aggressive and courageous. Hon. Charles A. Towne's article, "The New Ostracism," is in the author's best vein of critical analysis. In the course of the discussion he attacks with great vigor the plutocratic interference with professors in colleges and universities. Herman E. Taubeneck continues his cogent statistical attack on concentrated wealth. Judge Walter Clark sends out a powerful plea for the establishment of public rights over semi-public interests and institutions. The Editor of The Arena continues with unabated vigor his onslaught on the organized forces of plutocracy. His article, "Prosperity: the Sham and the Reality," is one of his strongest and best. Dr. Ridpath's exposition of the bottom purposes and methods of the money power is as caustic as it is true. Mary Platt Parmelee's article on the Political Philosophy of the Father of American Democracy is an original and forceful argument for popular liberties. B. O. Flower is again at his best pace in "The Latest Social Vision," in which he discusses the merits of Bellamy's "Equality." Perhaps the most radical and defiant article in the number is "The Dead Hand in the Church," by Rev. Clarence Lathbury. "Hypnotism in its Scientific and Forensic Aspects" is the subject of an interesting and useful article by Marion L. Dawson. "Suicide: Is It Worth While?" is the caption of Charles B. Newcomb's startling study of one of the most interesting and painful themes of the age. The "Plaza of the Poets" is rich with the contributions of Ironquill, Junius Hempstead, Clinton Scollard, Reubie Carpenter and Helena M. Richardson; while "The Editor's Evening" sparkles with its usual gems of social and poetical philosophy. Under "Book Reviews" the charming poems of Madison Cawein are set forth with merited commendation.

"I Have Been a great sufferer from eczema, and tried many remedies without much avail, until I was persuaded to take Hood's Sarsaparilla. Since taking this medicine I am better than for years."—A. J. Kyle, 4502 Forestville avenue, Chicago, Ill.

Hood's Pills cure all liver ills. 25c.

Educate Your Bowels With Cascarets. Candy Cathartic, cure constipation forever. 10c, 25c. If C. C. C. fail, druggists refund money.

ACROSS THE WATERS.

KATHLEEN MONICA NICHOLSON.

From afar, o'er the ocean waters
Is borne on the breeze that blows,—
Of mothers and sons and daughters,
The wail of the mournful woes.

From the Emerald Gem of the ocean,
From the valleys and crags we love—
And mingled in the commotion
Of the song of the birds above.

The cry of mourning lingers,
That tells of the gaunt, black hand
That holds in its famine fingers
The people of the land.

It holdeth, weak and weary,
Men that were brave and strong,
Ah! Erin's vales are dreary!
And the Irish night is long!

But Irish hearts are stronger
Than ever the wide world knew,
And hopeful, tho' night seems longer,
That their cause is just and true.

Among the dead and dying,
And mourners' wail, is heard,
Above the sobs and sighing
The notes of Hope's bright bird.

That sings of a golden breaking
Of dark clouds heavy and low,
Of a glorious awakening
From its dreadful nightmare's woe.

THE CATHOLIC UNIVERSITY.

The formal exercises of opening took place at the Catholic University, Washington, D. C., on Wednesday morning, Oct. 6, when the mass of the Holy Ghost was said by the Rt.-Rev. Rector, Mgr. Conaty, in the presence of the professors and students. Before the mass the "Veni Creator" was intoned, and after the mass the solemn profession of faith was read in the name of the professors and instructors by Very Rev. Thomas J. Shahan, D.D. At the end of the reading he and all the other professors and instructors came in order of one after the other to the altar and took the oath of profession, placing their hand upon the Gospels, which the Right-Reverend Rector held for them. Shortly afterward all the faculties and students, lay as well as clerical, gathered in the assembly room of McMahon Hall, the Right-Reverend Rector, the Very Rev. P. J. Garrigan, Vice Rector, and the Deans of the Faculties took seats upon the platform.

The Right-Reverend Rector, after alluding to the formality of the opening exercises, said: "All were gathered for the purpose of acquaintance with one another, and that inspiration and encouragement might be received for the year's work. Students who are entering the university, whether from college or seminary, should realize that here there is an entirely different class of work, and that the methods are also different from what they have been accustomed to in their previous studies. Every young man, whether lay or ecclesiastical, is supposed to come to the university with a serious purpose. It is not so much what the professor will do for you as what the professor will enable you to do for yourself. Here men are left very much to themselves. They are trusted to utilize every moment of their time, and to realize that time out of class is not time for idleness, but that every moment in the university has its demand upon the student's serious thought. What has been done for you, or what you have done in college or seminary, is simply a preparation for what you yourselves will do in the university, for here you will be led to utilize the instruction you have previously received. You enter the university to become scholars, to follow your inclination for special work, and thus equip yourselves for a successful life. The university aims to make you scientists in every department, and it places before you, in the person of its professors, men who are competent to guide you in the highest scholarship. It requires of you earnestness in individual effort to make use of the means placed within your reach. In all your studies never lose sight of that guiding principle which is a balance to your life. For that reason we began our ceremony of opening with the mass of the Holy Ghost, for in the spirit of God we recognize the source of all light and of all truth. We invoke the Holy Spirit to watch over and guard this university, its officials, its professors and its students; to enlighten the understanding of all; to guide all according to the spirit of the holy church with whom the spirit of God is to remain forever. To obtain that light and grace your professors, in your presence, made the solemn profession of faith, that in all their teachings they may lead you into a better knowledge of the truth which the Church of God has been commissioned to deliver to men."

After urging strongly the young men to their best efforts, the Right-Reverend Rector said he welcomed them to the year's work, and extended to all the advantages and privileges of the university. Above all things he reminded them that they were students of the Catholic University, and that in their habits, tastes and studies they should be worthy of the heritage of truth, which is within their church. He hoped that always and everywhere they would be Catholic gentlemen, worthy of the university, and bearing with them the honor of its banner, worthy children of the grandest educational institution in this country.

All the departments of the university are in full working order, and the classes are well attended. The Right-Rev. Rector, Mgr. Conaty, preached in the Cathedral at Philadelphia Sunday week on the occasion of the collection for the university which was taken up in all the churches of the diocese on that day. In the evening he delivered a lecture on temperance before the Veronica League of that city.

The university was well represented at the banquet tendered to Archbishop Keane at the Shoreham Hotel Wednesday evening of last week. Almost all the professors were present, as were also the Right-Reverend Rector and Vice-Rector, Very Rev. Dr. Garrigan, and Mgr. McMahon.

On last Tuesday afternoon the ceremony of Investiture of the Insignia of Domostic Prelate took place in Divinity chapel of the university, Cardinal Gibbons officiating. The ceremony consisted of a short address by Archbishop Keane, the reading of the Papal brief, conferring the dignity and the investiture of the robes by his eminence, the Cardinal, followed by the profession of faith by the recipient, Rt.-Rev. Mgr. Conaty. A large number of prominent ecclesiastics were present.

The meeting of the Board of Directors was held on Wednesday morning, his Eminence Cardinal Gibbons, the Chancellor, presiding. The annual report was made by the Rector. On Thursday the annual meeting of the Archbishops of the United States was held at the university, and on Friday the committee of the Archbishops met for the disposal of the Negro and Indian fund.

Mr. Joseph Banigan, one of the Trustees of the university, the founder of the chair of Political Economy, and the creator of a fund for the equipment of the library of McMahon Hall, visited the university on Tuesday and was entertained by the Rector. He spent several hours in McMahon Hall, and will be present at the coming meeting of the Board of Directors. Archbishop Chapelle was also a visitor, and spent some time with the Rector and Vice-Rector. Mr. Herder, a distinguished gentleman from Freiburg, in Baden, paid a visit to the university lately. He is one of the most prominent publishers in Europe. His house at Freiburg is one of the largest establishments in southern Germany, and employs many hundreds of printers, binders and clerks. In fact it is one of the sights of that quaint and interesting southern German city. While in Washington Mr. Herder was entertained by Mgr. Conaty, the Rector of the university, the Vice-Rector, Dr. Garrigan, and also by several of the professors, who did all in their power to make his short stay a pleasant one. Mgr. Conaty introduced Mr. Herder to President McKinley. The publishing house of Herder has always taken a lively interest in the Catholic University from its inception. Among the first gifts to our library were several hundred volumes of their publications, representing a great deal of the best Catholic learning of the last fifty years. Since then it has on several occasions generously contributed other hundreds of volumes, and deserves a place among the prominent benefactors of the higher Catholic education in America.

To Cure Constipation Forever.
Take Cascarets Candy Cathartic. 10c or 25c. If C. C. C. fail to cure, druggists refund money.

SPANISH RACE IN IRELAND.

An anthropologist, traveling in the west of Ireland, and especially along the coast line, is puzzled to encounter among the peasant population a very large percentage of distinctly Spanish names. His surprise is heightened when he discovers that the persons bearing these names have the olive complexion, graceful carriage and dark eyes of sunny Spain.

The mystery is explained in a note from Joseph Sancoe, B. A., himself a Connaught man. Says Mr. Sancoe: "My ancestral name is 'Sancho,' but it has been vulgarized by English officials and ignorant census takers into 'Sancoe.' In the same way you find 'Miggle' for 'Miguel,' 'Jagoe' for 'Iago' and 'Hosey' or even 'Hosea' for 'Jose,' in almost any parish of Mayo or Galway. A power in the west of Ireland is Very Rev. Joseph Carlos, D. D., a priest of high character and influence. Why these names? you may ask. The fact is that we of the Spanish names are in good earnest Spaniards. Until quite recently we did not even intermarry with our Milesian neighbors—hence the pure Spanish types you find among us."

Mr. Sancoe goes on to tell that in the wreck of the "invincible armada" many ships of that mighty fleet were cast ashore on the coast of Galway and Mayo. In some instances the sailors escaped, and were able to form small fishing colonies. English trade was, to a large extent, closed to Ireland in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, and the merchants of Galway (then a flourishing seaport) sent their ships to Bordeaux, Cadiz and Lisbon. The Spanish sailors who had settled in Connaught sent for their wives and sweethearts by means of these ships. Being of the Catholic faith, they got on well enough with the people, and for many generations they remained a race as distinct as that of the Basques. In this way are accounted for the swarthy Andalusian-looking farmers, laborers and priests whom one meets in the west of Ireland, with such unusual patronymics as Jagoe Sancoe, Pedro, Nandy (Fernandez), Hoohan (Juan), Hosey (Jose) and Miggle (Miguel).

A movement is now on foot among the Spanish descendants to compel the Irish local government board to give them back the proper spelling of their names, in place of the hideous corruptions now to be found in "Thorn's Irish Directory."—Boston Globe.

No-To-Bac for Fifty Cents.
Guaranteed tobacco habit cure, makes weak men strong, blood pure. 50c, $1. All druggists.

Daily Trains to Colorado, Utah and California.
Commencing at 10 p. m., Sept. 12, and every night thereafter at the same hour, the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway train will leave the Union Passenger Station (Canal and Adams streets, Chicago) with elegantly equipped Palace Sleeping Cars for Denver and other Colorado points, with through connections at Denver for Salt Lake City, Ogden, San Francisco and points in Southern California. The route to Denver is via Omaha and Lincoln, Neb., and is first class in every respect. All the modern facilities of travel are included in this direct route to Colorado—the Eldorado of the West. The allied lines, composing the route, viz., the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway—Chicago to Omaha—and the Rock Island & Pacific—Omaha to Denver and Colorado Springs—have united to make this the most popular route to all points west of the Missouri river. Sleeping car reservations may be made two weeks in advance by calling at the city ticket office of the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway, 95 Adams street, Chicago, or by letter or postal card addressed to C. N. SOUTHER, city ticket agent. Telephone Main 2190.

The Irish Language

The Irish classes conducted by the Gaelic League of Chicago, meet for study every Sunday at 2:30 p. m., at room 119, city hall. All Gaels who wish to acquire a knowledge of the ancient language of their race, are invited to join the Gaelic League. Competent teachers are provided. There is no fee or expense, whatever, to be met except for the purchase of books, which are supplied at cost, by Mr. William Raliegh, and which may be obtained from him at the class rooms or at his residence, 735 South Canal street, Chicago.

First National Bank

OF CHICAGO,

Statement of condition at close of business Oct. 5, 1897.

ASSETS.

Loans and discounts		$18,145,239.08
Bank building		500,000.00
U. S. bonds (par value)		664,000.00
Other bonds (market value)		1,140,652.00
Bond premiums		11,531.17
Cash resources:		
Due from banks (Eastern ex.)	$ 8,026,574.26	
Checks for Clearing House	1,328,448.35	
Cash on hand	13,387,627.33	
Due from U.S. Treasurer	49,250.00	
		22,856,899.94
Total		$43,318,322.19

LIABILITIES.

Capital stock paid in	$ 3,000,000.00
Surplus fund	2,000,000.00
Other undivided profits	192,6-5.04
Deposits	38,125,637.15
Total	$43,318,322.19

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RICHARD J. STREET, Cashier.
JAMES B. FORGAN, Vice-Prest.
HOLMES HOGE, Asst. Cashier.
GEO. D. BOULTON, 2d Vice-Prest.
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We are not a giant corporation with an immense watered capital to pay dividends on. No English directors or managers to pay big salaries to. We are just attending to business, seeing that our flour is made right, doing business at the least possible cost, and the result is that we can give you better flour at a cheaper price than the big Minneapolis mills can afford to sell. Try it and be convinced. If you don't like the flour your money will be refunded.

Our Price, Per Barrel, $5.29

24½-lb Bags, 65c. 49-lb Bags, $1.30. 98-Bags, $2.59

ODDS AND ENDS.

Pure Lard, in 20-lb tubs, per lb	5½ cts
Sweet Cured Cal. Hams, per lb	5 cts
Pint bottles Spanish Queen Olives	15 cts
½-gallon jars Picalilly for	20 cts
½-gallon cans Fancy Table Sirup	14 cts
2-gallon pails Fancy Table Sirup	39 cts
Quart cans dark Cooking Molasses	7 cts
7 lbs Fancy New York Buckwheat Flour	25 cts
Fancy Navy Beans, per bushel	99 cts
10 lbs Fresh Rolled Oats for	19 cts
Braun & Fitts' Fancy Uncolored Butterine, per lb	15 cts
Pint bottles Home-Made Catsup	9 cts
Best quality Premium Chocolate, per lb	25 cts
Wilbur's Cocoa, half-lb can	15 cts
1-lb cans best Cream Tartar Baking Powder	35 cts
Full quart bottles Pickles	17 cts
Best Whole Pickling Spices, pkg.	4 cts
1-gallon jugs Cider Vinegar	12 cts
If you return the jug we will allow you 5 cents for it.	
70 bars Scrubbing Soap for	$1.00
3 bars Proctor & Gamble's Ivory Soap for	10 cts
Oatine, the great breakfast food, per package	5 cts
P. & G. Amber Soap, 60-bar box	$1.79
1-lb cans Price's Baking Powder	29 cts
Enoch Morgan's Sapolio	5 cts
Jacquots French Shoe Blacking, 3 boxes for	5 cts
Bressonaine's French Shoe Blacking, large boxes, 2 for	1 ct
Granite 8-qt Preserve Kettles, each	22 cts
Granite 10-qt Water Pails, each	25 cts
Granite 14-qt Dishpans sell at	45 cts
Gradite Washbowls	7 cts
No. 2 Brass Sun Lamp Burners	5 cts
Iron Coal Shovels	2 cts
Hardwood Toothpicks, large box	2 cts
Egg Beaters	1 ct

CANNED GOODS. Per can

3-lb cans Baltimore Peaches	8 cts
3-lb cans La Cresenda California Peaches	10 cts
3-lb cans California Green Gages	8 cts
3-lb cans California Egg Plums	10 cts
3-lb cans Alabama Pears	9 cts
3-lb cans California Apricots	9 cts
3-lb cans Grated Pineapples	9 cts
2-lb cans Gibbs' Sliced Pineapples	9 cts
2-lb cans Strawberries	7 cts
2-lb cans Raspberries	7 cts
2-lb cans Gooseberries	6½ cts
2-lb cans Wagner Preserve Blackberries	6 cts
2-lb cans Blueberries	8 cts
3-lb cans Myrtle Solid Tomatoes	6½ cts
2-lb cans G. L. New York Corn	6 cts
2-lb cans B. & M. Paris Corn	8 cts
2-lb cans Shoe Peg Corn; finest ever put up	9 cts
Imported French Peas	8 cts
Fancy Imported Mushrooms	14 cts
2-lb cans Odds Lima Beans	5 cts
3-lb cans Steamed Hominy	6 cts
3-lb cans Sweet Potatoes	6 cts
3-lb cans Baked Beans	5 cts
2-lb cans Maine Succotash	8 cts
3-lb cans California Asparagus	17 cts
2-lb cans String Beans	5 cts
3-lb cans Pumpkin	5 cts
1-lb cans Myrick Lobsters	19 cts
1-lb cans Salmon	7 cts
Large cans Eagle Must. Sardines	5 cts
Imported Sardines	6 cts

COFFEE.

Cereal Blend Roast Coffee, per lb	8 cts
All-Whole Roasted Rio Coffee, lb	9½ cts
Golden Roasted Rio Coffee, per lb	12½ cts
Rich Old Santos Coffee, roasted, lb	15 cts
Roasted Peaberry, Mocha Coffee	16 cts
Old Maracaibo Coffee, roasted, lb	20 cts
Roasted Mocha and Java Coffee, per lb	23½ cts
After-Dinner Java Coffee, per lb	25 cts
After-Dinner Java is a blending of rich, old, mellow Javas with just enough Mocha to give it a good strength. It pleases many people. If you would try it it would please you.	

TEAS.

8 lbs Ceylon Tea for	$1.00
Japan Nibbs is a very fine drink, per lb	16 cts
Fine Uncolored Japan Tea, per lb	25 cts
J. Ambrosia Uncolored Japan Tea is the 60-cent kind, but we sell it for	35 cts
Fancy Moyune Gunpowder Tea, lb	35 cts
Fancy Formosa Oolong Tea, lb	35 cts

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ESTATE OF JULIA ENRIGHT, DECEASED.—All persons having claims against the estate of Julia Enright, deceased, are hereby notified and requested to attend and present such claims to the Probate Court of Cook County, Illinois, for the purpose of having the same adjusted at a term of said court, to be held at the Probate Court room, in the City of Chicago, in said Cook County, on the third Monday of December, A. D. 1897, being the 20th day thereof.

Dated Chicago, October 22, 1897.

JOHN S. ENRIGHT,
CATHERINE CASEY,
MICHAEL E. ENRIGHT,
Executors.

Sullivan & Healy, Attorneys for Executors.

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THEY FIGHT IT OUT.

HOW ENGLISH ARMY OFFICERS SETTLE THEIR DIFFERENCES.

The Plebeian and the Peer—How One Regiment Was Opened to Others Than Offshoots of the Peerage—How "Molly" Crushed the Cheeky Youngster.

In view of the disgraceful duel between the Duke of Orleans and the Count of Turin we publish the following article which shows the manner in which British officers settle disputes:

Officers have their disagreements, of course, like other men, and they have to be settled. Dueling is forbidden by law as well as by modern ideas and common sense. Complaints respecting infractions of mess etiquette or of ungentlemanly or unsoldierly conduct may be submitted to the mess committee, the punitive powers of which are extremely farreaching. The life of an officer "sent to Coventry" by his fellows is unendurable, and his only chance is to exchange.

But all this is moral suasion only, and in the end disputes are frequently settled by a resort to first principles—the rule of fist—while redress is sometimes obtained in ways as drastic as they are novel.

A gentleman joined a crack cavalry regiment. He had no pedigree or family to recommend him. In fact, his father was a retired brewer, and by the scions of nobility among his comrades he was rather coldly received.

"Are you the son of Dash, the brewer?" inquired one of these.

"I am."

"Then why didn't your father bring you up to his trade?"

"Oh, well, you're the son of Lord Blank, aren't you?"

"Yes."

"Then why didn't he bring you up a gentleman?"

The upshot of this was a rough and tumble, wherein was demonstrated that in the army a plebeian is the equal of a peer—if he can box as well.

Another gentleman from the ranks of trade came home one day to find all the crockery and breakable articles in his rooms smashed, the same being intended by the wreckers as a delicate hint that his presence among them was objectionable.

He was late for dinner that evening and apologized to the president of the mess for it, explaining what had happened—that he had been to the rooms of the three he suspected and returned the compliment; if he had wronged any, he would apologize and restore the articles; if he had hit on the right ones, they could have satisfaction in the riding school after dinner.

Accordingly, after dinner, two of them received satisfaction in full, a la Corbett, in drill time, but the third proved a tougher nut to crack, and the big hearted plebeian (who, by the bye, is now a general), weakened by his exertions, was getting worsted, so another of the same social status who was an expert boxer took up the running.

He soon finished off the third man and obligingly offered to take on any one who sympathized with the trio. By this means—appropriate to their profession—these two officers opened the door in that regiment to others than offshoots of the peerage, by whom it had previously been regarded as a preserve.

Among officers exchanging from one regiment to another is common. One little man, a lieutenant, incurred the enmity of the men of his troop by continually finding fault and rubbing it in by contrasting them unfavorably with his late corps till they hated the very name of the "Pinks," as we'll call them.

Not only the rank and file, but the noncommissioned officers, came in for his animadversion till it got unbearable, and at last the troop sergeant major told the captain quietly that there would be a mutiny in the troop before long if it continued.

It so happened that he had also carried his insulting comparisons into the mess, and as he wouldn't take advice and "drop it" his brother officers took the matter into their own hands, with the result that one cold night in February there was a hubbub within the officers' quarters, a window was presently opened, and little "Joey," clad only in his nightshirt, was handed out, seized, placed and held down in a handbarrow, wheeled off to the manure heap and there shot out, to make his way back to bed as best he could. He soon after left the regiment.

The antipodes of this gentleman was an officer in the same regiment, an Irishman, 6 feet 2 and big in proportion, but his "go" was not proportionate to his size. He was too big and apathetic for a cavalry captain. In fact, his nickname, "Molly," well describes him. One "cheeky" youngster appeared to think he could take any liberties with such an easy going mountain of flesh, and in the billiard room one night he carried his impudence beyond all reason.

"Molly" said nothing. He simply dropped his cue, picked the offender up and sat him violently down on a side table, ignorant or heedless of the fact that upon it were standing glasses and decanters.

It was some time before the surgeons picked the last piece of glass out of the impertinent one and weeks before he could appear in the saddle again. It is scarcely necessary to say that he gave "Molly" Maguire a wide berth after that.—Pearson's Weekly.

Brimming With Charity.

Cipollini, a gem of a husband, never allows an opportunity to slip without extolling to the skies the excellent qualities of his better half. "My wife," he was heard to remark the other day, "is so kind, so indulgent toward everybody, that, even when speaking ill of other people, she does not believe a word of it herself."—Settimand.

A STRANGE MIX UP.

How the Theft of a Bicycle Led to Embarrassing Complications.

Among the strange complications for which the bicycle has been responsible the following is rather a masterpiece in point of intricacy. Those persons who took part in it are now disposed to view the incident with some pride as a triumph of confusion and misunderstanding not likely to be duplicated.

B., who lives far up town, had occasion to visit a bicycle store on the Boulevard a few days ago. He left his wheel outside, near the rack in which stood several machines for rent. While he was attending to his errand inside the shop he chanced to glance out through the door just in time to see a man spring upon his unguarded wheel and ride off at a furious pace down the street. With an exclamation of rage B. rushed to the sidewalk, seized one of the wheels from the rack and started off in hot pursuit of the thief.

The proprietor of the shop stood for a moment aghast. He had not seen the beginning of the trouble, and the only thing clear to him was that his supposedly honest customer had made an astonishingly bold attempt to steal a wheel from the rack. There was only one thing to be done. Jumping upon another wheel, he joined in the chase, and the three scorched up the Boulevard in admirable racing style. The real thief proved the poorest rider of the three, as the shopkeeper was unquestionably the best, and the result of this state of affairs was that the distances between the different members of the trio grew speedily less. As they drew together a truck crossed the avenue, crowding them into a small space. The rate at which they were going precluded any dismounting, and the three came into collision with a resounding crash. Before they had fairly extricated themselves a policeman appeared. His first proposition was to "run them all in" for scorching, but, impressed by the unusual excitement of his prisoners, who seemed to be more disturbed in mind than ordinary scorchers, he waited to hear their stories.

This, as may be imagined, was no short task. The genuine thief was the only one who saw humor in the situation. Knowing that he had nothing to say for himself, he stood by and grinned, while the shopkeeper and his customer sputtered out angry and conflicting accounts of the affair. But the truth was finally ascertained. As he collared the guilty man and dismissed the other two the policeman announced that no charge of scorching would be pressed against anybody.

"If I have two or three more cases like this to settle," he remarked to a bystander, "it's a lawyer I'll be callin meself instead of an officer."—New York Tribune.

THEY LIKE THE COUNTRY.

When Retired, Naval Officers Seldom Live in Large Towns or Cities.

"Naval officers always settle in the country when they can," remarked a prominent officer to a Star reporter. "During their active careers—that is, during the time they are at sea, they are necessarily cramped for room, and while some of them on the large modern ships have elegant and sumptuous quarters, there is necessarily a limit to it. This thing grows on a man to such an extent that the first thing he does when he is retired, and in hundreds of cases long before retirement, is to hunt up a farm and locate on it. Three of the admirals on the retired list, headed by Admiral Ammen, are the owners of farms in the immediate locality of Washington, and any number of other officers are similarly provided for, though their farms are not so extensive. They seem to want stretching room, and it will be noticed that when they do locate they secure big places. Their minds run into stock and chicken raising. The officers of the marine corps have been noted for years as the owners of the speediest horses owned or driven about Washington, and they have been always prominent in connection with our racing associations and organizations. Naval officers have been similarly prominent. It is different with army officers. Their ambition seems to be for nice houses in the cities. The naval officers' ideas all run toward the country. I don't like to give names, but I could give dozens of illustrations to prove what I say, if it were necessary. Take a look at the incoming cars from any of the suburban places around Washington any morning, and there will be sufficient proof of what I say."—Washington Star.

A Thing to Boast Of.

Schoolfellows learn each others' failings if nothing else and recall after years of separation the characteristic thing about an old seatmate.

Two men who had been at school together when they were boys met and talked of old times.

"By the way," said one, "I saw Smith when I was out at Seattle."

"Did you? And what was he bragging about when you saw him?"

"He was bragging about his modesty just at that moment."

"Dear old Smith—just like him."—Youth's Companion.

A Strong Hint.

The late Professor Jowett had a curious way of commenting on the work that was brought to him by students. On one occasion he was shown a set of Greek verses. After looking them over carefully he glanced up rather blankly and said to the author, "Have you any taste for mathematics?"

If the armies of Europe should march at an eight mile gait, five abreast, 15 inches apart, it would require 9½ days for them to pass a given point.

In Brussels the height of house frontage in public streets is determined by the width of the street. The maximum height is 60 feet.

THE NEW APHRODITE.

Out of the deep sea stream,
Into the light and the air,
Rose like a gracious dream
Venus, the fair

How much of sorrow and rue,
How much of joy and peace,
Sprang that day from the blue
Waters of Greece!

Oh, from a Cyclad's verge
Or swift galley's prow to have seen
Her, the world's wonder, emerge,
Veiled in the sheen

Of her glorious sea dripping locks,
Buoyant of limb and as bright
As the sole star that leads out the flocks
Of the shepherdess Night!

But what avails it to sigh
For a glimpse of that day withdrawn?
Not for long in the sky
Stays the fair dawn.

Ours the nobler lot
Under the broad noontide,
Gazing, to falter not,
Till from the wide

Ocean of life we behold,
Rising in splendor and might,
Fairer than Venus of old,
Calmer than Night,

Purer than Dawn or the blue
Depths of ether untrod,
Nature, the only, the true
Daughter of God.

—W. P. Trent in Dial.

WITH THREADS OF METAL.

Tinsel Fabrics and the More Costly Brocades of Gold and Silver.

Tinsel fabrics are the lower priced of the cloths into which gold or silver threads have been woven. In tinsel fabrics the gold threads are of brass or copper, gilded, and the silver threads are of white metal. These threads of metal, originally fine wire, are rolled flat and burnished, and they glisten in the fabric wherever the pattern brings them to the surface. Tinsel fabrics are made about three-fourths of a yard in width, and they sell at 75 cents to $2.50 a yard. They come in various colors, and many of them are beautiful and artistic in design. Some are copies of old Venetian tapestries. Tinsel fabrics are used for church and for theatrical purposes and sometimes for gowns and for decorative purposes.

The costlier fabrics, with interwoven metal threads, are called gold and silver brocades. In these the gold threads are of silver, gold plated, and the silver threads are of pure silver; the body of the fabric is of silk. The brocades are all beautiful, and many of them are exceedingly so. These fabrics are made about five-eighths of a yard in width, and they sell at various prices up to $25 and sometimes as high as $50 a yard. The costliest of these fabrics are very rarely imported into this country, brocades at $10 and $12 a yard being about the highest priced used here. If more elaborate fabrics are required, they are usually imported to order. The finer fabrics, with metal threads, are made in France, the commoner kinds in Germany.

Gold and silver brocades are here used almost exclusively for church purposes and chiefly for vestments. They are imported in red, violet and green and also in black with silver threads, the black and silver being for mourning. Gold and silver brocades are also used to a limited extent for decorative purposes.

Such fabrics and gold embroidery, often of the costliest description, are far more commonly used in Europe than here, both for church and for military purposes.—New York Sun.

Pullman Cars.

As a railroad train was swinging around a sharp curve a passenger in the sleeping car was thrown against the inside window of the stateroom so violently that his elbow went through the glass. The Pullman conductor came promptly to the rescue, asking if he was hurt.

"No, I'm not," answered the passenger good naturedly, "but the Pullman company's dividends will be cut down this year by the price of one pane. I suppose the stockholders can stand it, though."

"The Pullman stockholders won't have to," said the conductor. "It comes out of the X., Y. and Z. Railroad company, to whose train we are attached. I shall make out a damage slip, the train conductor will certify it, the repairs will be made at the end of the route, and the railroad company will foot the bill. There's mighty little, I tell you, except ordinary wear and tear, that the railroad company doesn't pay for. If there is a scratch on the side of this car at the end of a run, the X., Y. and Z. pays for it, not the Pullman company.—New York Tribune.

Calmness In Emergency.

Dr. Weir Mitchell, lecturing to a school of nurses lately upon the necessity of self control in emergencies, told the following incident: "One of his patients, while in a low, nervous condition, swallowed by mistake a dose from the wrong bottle. She shrieked out that she was poisoned. One of the nurses screamed 'Aconite!' and began to cry hysterically. The other nurse, seeing that the patient was going into convulsions from terror, when relief would be impossible, said coolly: 'Don't be frightened. Look here,' taking a mouthful of the dose herself. She then went outside to rid her mouth of it, procured an emetic and sent for a doctor and a stomach pump. Her calmness saved the life of the patient."

Singing and Milking.

In Switzerland a milkmaid or milkman gets better wages if gifted with a good voice, because it has been discovered that a cow will yield one-fifth more milk if soothed during the milking by a pleasing melody.

The Missouri supreme court declared that the law against opium smoking and opium joints is uncontitutional, because it interferes with the right of men to smoke whatever they choose.

Every seventh person in the United Kingdom is a Londoner.

WENT OUT AND HOLLERED.

How a Witness In a Pension Case Announced Her Husband's Death.

It was the trial of a member of one of Norfolk's foremost families. The defendant was a woman and was charged with forgery and complicity in pension fraud. As the proceedings drew to a close all the city crowded into the courtroom. Residents from Ghent and loafers from the wharfs sat together on one bench, and the bailiff, not to lose so good a chance, manifested his authority by calling out "order" and himself making more noise than all the people in the court.

The last witness was a negress, portly and very black. Her voice was singularly mellow and sweet. The government was questioning her about the death of her husband, and her testimony was directly against the defendant. The courtroom was consequently very quiet and still.

"You say your husband died in Norfolk?" snarled the district attorney.

"Yessah."

"You were with him?"

"Yessah. Right dere with him when he died."

"Tell us about it."

"I 'member, sah, he got up through the night. He said he was too wa'm lying down dere with me and de little child. 'I'ze too wa'm,' he said. 'I'll go to de windub and lie down dere.' He gen'ally got up nights anyhow when he was too wa'm.

"I don't know how long he had been lyin by de windub 'fore I heard a rus'le. I gene'ally keeps a lamp burnin nights. I hears him say, 'Ole 'oman.' I started up, and he says, 'Ole 'oman, get up.' And I jumped up an says, 'Ole man.' He says, 'What?'

"I jumped up and went to him at de windub, and he was like he was strugglin. I says, 'Honey, what's de matter?' and de las' wo'd he said, 'I don't know.' I said, 'Lord have mercy, what's de matter wid you?' And after I said dat he didn't say no mo'. Gen'men, he died right off. I said: 'Lord Jesus, my husband gone. What am I gwine to do?' No one was with me but dat child. I went out and hollered. Some said 1 o'clock at night dey heard me holler. I went out and hollered for some one to come, fo' my husband was dead."—Washington Post.

Windsor Castle Treasures.

Those marvelous treasuries, the gold and silver pantries, which lie close together in the northeast corner of Windsor castle, at the foot of the Prince of Wales' tower, were until recent years very frequently visited by the queen, who, with her housewifely love of detail, never considered it beneath her dignity to make intimate acquaintance with the vast quantity of articles in the precious metals, which have either been personal gifts to herself or form a hereditary appanage to her state. Even lately her majesty has visited her pantries in her wheel chair, and the present arrangement of the multitude of objects therein has been made entirely with her personal approval. Apart from the interest which necessarily attaches to articles which are in daily and intimate use by the queen, the plate at Windsor castle is acknowledged the finest collection in the world and is more than worthy of consideration.

The two so called pantries—which in reality are strong rooms of the most approved and well arranged kind—are separated from one another by the plate cleaning rooms, which are furnished with all kinds of known appliances for the adequate polishing and burnishing of every kind of rare and delicate goldsmith's work. All the royal plate is carried to these rooms in rotation and cleaned, whether in use or not, and the system employed for giving it out and receiving it back forms ample and responsible work for the yeomen of the pantries and their assistants, many of whom are veritable giants among men, as the weights that have to be moved are very often enormous. — Collier's Weekly.

A Train of Blackguards.

In many of the great cities of Europe whenever a great festival is about to take place all the questionable and suspicious characters are "urged" by the police to take a few days' airing in the country and to disappear for a time from their accustomed haunts. This is found preferable to putting them under lock and key.

In Petersburg and Moscow and in Vienna those who do not leave of their own accord on being thus pressed are shipped off by the police in a special train, and Japan has recently adopted the same excellent custom.

Now, whenever a popular pageant is about to take place the Soshi-no-Kisha, or "train of blackguards," may be seen steaming away into the country with its freight of known and suspected malefactors.

Then She Fainted.

Niece (showing the wedding presents to Uncle Tom)—I wanted you to see them all, dear Uncle Tom, so that you won't send a duplicate. Duplicate wedding presents are very annoying, you know.

Uncle Tom—H'm. What's this?

Niece—That's papa's check for £500. Isn't it lovely?

Uncle Tom—Very. I intended to send you the same thing, but rather than annoy you with a duplicate present I'll send £100.—London Answers.

Good Advice to Follow.

Somebody gives the following antithetical advice: "Drink less, breathe more; eat less, chew more; ride less, walk more; clothe less, bathe more; worry less, work more; waste less, give more; write less, read more; preach less, practice more."

Sect of Remarkable Fasters.

As fasters the sect of Jains, in India, are far ahead of all rivals. Fasts of from 30 to 40 days are very common, and once a year they are said to abstain from food for 75 days.

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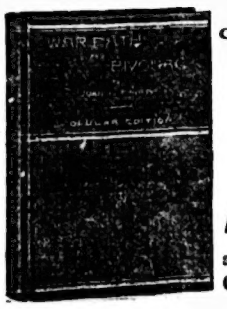

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King Cetewayo Appreciated the Tenor's Singing of "Old Dog Tray."

"There is much in a name, or at least I think so," said Albert Gerard-Thiers, the tenor, who once sang for old Cetewayo, king of the Zulus. Mr. Gerard-Thiers several years ago bore the Teutonic cognomen of Theiss and had it changed to Thiers. His fame spread, and his middle name was wedded to his surname with a hyphen.

"I am more French than German," he continued, "and my vocal method is not at all German. Many people imagine that a German vocalist is a master of the guttural, and that is one reason why I had my name changed. I have no prejudice against the German method, only I prefer the French method of singing. People who were introduced to me used to ask if I was German. As I speak French and not German, I concluded to change my name to Thiers. My wife is an American, but she has lived so long in Paris that she speaks French like a native and has nothing German in her appearance or manners."

"Did you sing in French to King Cetewayo?"

"No; I sang in English. The old Zulu was in captivity when I saw him in Africa. I was singing in Cape Colony in my boyhood days with an English opera company, and after it stranded I visited the dethroned African monarch. The English kept him guarded at a farmhouse, but allowed him privileges. I sang several operatic airs for him, but they did not please him, and in despair I tried 'Old Dog Tray.' He liked it, and when told the story he said a dog was faithful and wished me to sing it again. Then he embarrassed me exceedingly by presenting me with two of his wives. Each was more than six feet in height and black as the ace of spades. I declined his royal offer, although he declared the wives would not be missed."—New York Commercial.

DINING AND FEEDING.

American Table Manners Not So Open to Criticism as Formerly.

It has been conceded that the degree of civilization a people has reached may be accurately measured by its dietary. Now, some one has said that "the American feeds, the Englishman devours, the Frenchman dines." In view of this statement one wonders what the English have been doing through the centuries to have advanced so little. We do not pretend to answer for them, but would say for ourselves, we have been hewing our way through forests, pioneering in every direction, in every sense—ample apology for feeding instead of dining.

But, of course, it was a Frenchman who made the declaration, and, of course, he made it long ago, when, mortifying though it be, honesty compels us to acknowledge that we may have been guilty. Times, however, and conditions have changed, and not even the most bigoted Frenchman will refuse to admit that when the American has reached the dining point he will have more to dine upon than any other man in the world. The culture of man in America will demand all the art in his cuisine that France by study has evolved, with the added merit of honesty in his food, the disguises incident to poverty of material not being a necessity. There is no department of supply in which we have not the advantage, and we are learning to use our materials as rapidly as we have been obliged to learn all other things.—Ella Morris Kretschmar in Woman's Home Companion.

What Wrestlers Should Eat.

The Japanese wrestlers are a race of giants; they often weigh from 14 to 24 stone. At the Imperial hotel in Tokyo once they brought their champion wrestler to my room. He was prodigious in size and as fat and fair as a baby. He was a Hercules in strength, but looked like an overgrown cherub of Correggio.

"What do you eat?" I asked.

"Rice, nothing but rice."

"Why not eat meat?"

"Meat is weakening. Beef is 70 per cent water. Rice is 80 per cent food. I ate lean beefsteak once and my strength left me. The other man ate rice and threw me down."

My courier said: "This wrestler is the champion of Japan. No one can throw him."—Pearson's Weekly.

She Supervises a Farm.

In spite of being college bred the ability to earn a living in the most businesslike manner has been proved by Miss Anna T. Hayes of Louisville. She is now taking personal supervision of her father's farm of 200 acres. She is devoting time and money to the development of a special breed of pigs for the specially cured hams of which there is a growing demand in the state. The pigs are fattened on sterilized milk, meal and apples and are brought up to a uniform weight. The hams are cured on the farm. The young woman is making a complete success of her venture.

Bright Valet.

Valet (to officer's fiancee)—My lieutenant has sent me to bring you this bouquet of forest flowers, plucked by his own hands.

Fiancee—Oh, how poetic! And how long it must have taken to gather them!

Valet—Indeed, miss, it took me nearly three hours.—Fliegende Blatter.

In the northern parts of China there are many villages which are almost deserted in winter, the inhabitants going south, where they live by begging. They form regular guilds and literally compel shopkeepers to help them by threatening to cause a riot in front of their stores, which Chinese merchants abhor.

The oddest shaped county among the 3,000 which go to make up the separate divisions of the various states is Warren county, Tenn. It lies in the center of the state and is as near a perfect circle as any division of land could be.

Iceland, in the north Atlantic; the isle of Man, between England and Ireland, and the Pitcairn islands, in the south Pacific, have full woman suffrage.

Sixty thousand dollars a year, a salary drawn by the French embassador in London, is the largest sum paid to any diplomatist in the world.

PEOPLE OF THE COUNTRY.

Few of Them Seem to Have Learned Anything Noble From Nature.

"For the stability and righteousness of our government we are accustomed to think we must pin our faith on the country people who live 'near to nature's heart,'" writes Mrs. Lyman Abbott in The Ladies' Home Journal, the first of a series of "Peaceful Valley" papers, which picture life in an ideal rural community. "But how many of them," she says, "seem to have learned anything noble from her? Her beauty does not refine them, her honesty does not incite them to thoroughness, her free handedness does not inspire them to generosity—they become narrow and sordid in the midst of grandeur and liberality. They imagine there can be nothing in life but work or play, toil or rest, and they feel a contempt for those who play and rest. They have never learned to mingle work and play, toil and rest in due proportion, and they cease to find any pleasure in life unless they abandon work altogether. Like the tired woman who wrote her own epitaph, they fancy heaven a place where they can 'do nothing forever and ever.'

"This view of life makes loafers in the village as it makes them in the cities. When a different spirit has found room to grow, a new order of living prevails. Life becomes something more than a slow grinding of the mill, more than a burden, to be endured only because it cannot be at will laid down. It becomes a luxury as well as a necessity. Individuals combine, not for their own advantage, but to multiply benefactions, and as strength increases by its right use, the attainment of one worthy and ambitious advantage is only the suggestion and achievement of another."

LACK ORIGINALITY.

Why Many Criminals Are Easily Brought to Justice.

"One reason why detectives appear to do something miraculous occasionally is that there is after all very little originality in criminals," said one of Chief Hazen's sleuthhounds recently.

"When a man sets out to get money by crooked means, he seldom sits down and evolves a new plan On the contrary, he evidently thinks of the smart cases he has heard of at different times, makes up his mind which suits him best and copies the plan adopted very closely indeed.

"Hence, when the detective sets out, he has, in many instances, quite a string of precedents to take as guides to the course the criminal will probably pursue.

"One case, years ago, that helped me immensely in the business, was a forgery. The man had disappeared and left no clew whatever behind.

"I obtained access to his room and found that he had developed a partiality for cutting scraps from newpapers. There was a whole drawerful of these, and I went through them carefully.

"Several had relation to forgery cases, and one cutting that appeared to be pretty badly fingered described how a forger had got away in woman's attire.

"I worked on the theory that my bird had flown in this manner and followed it up until I finally got on the track and captured the criminal.

"The capture was regarded as a very remarkable one, but, as a matter of fact, the runaway had left for me an exceedingly valuable clew. If he had taken the precaution to burn that cutting, he might have escaped capture altogether."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

"How" Used For "That."

Dr. Holmes wrote half a century ago, "Don't, let me beg of you—don't say 'how' for 'what,'" and "Please don't say 'how' for 'that'" is the wail of the sensitive reader of today. If an American, he is likely to ascribe the reigning fancy for the sin to Mr. Howells, who has taken to it with his usual ferocity, possibly because long practice on his own signature makes the adverb easier for him to write than the conjunction.

Lately the word has begun to infest the writings of English politicians, possibly as a result of association with the Irish members of parliament, for "he said how he was going" is a literal translation of the Gaelic equivalent of "he said that he was going." But the worst instance of its use appears in a letter written by the Hon. Auberon Herbert to the editor of the London News, and, misusing the word 16 times in 40 lines, Connemara's self could do no more.—New York Times.

A Human Bloodhound.

In Abyssinia they have a very picturesque fashion of identifying thieves. There is an official nominated for the purpose in each district. Upon receiving information of a robbery he gives his confidential servant a dose of certain herbs, afterward a pipe of tobacco.

The man drinks and then smokes. In due course he begins to rave and to crawl about on hands and knees. Then the thief catcher puts a rope about his loins, and on all fours he perambulates the neighborhood, sniffing like a hound, enters a house at last and goes to sleep upon the floor. That is legal evidence of the owner's guilt.

He has to pay the value of the stolen goods or to "square" the thief catcher, which, as a rule, comes to much the same thing.

The Small Unwashed.

The Lapp baby belongs to the class of the small unwashed. When its mother is in a particularly neat frame of mind, she daubs fat on it, and that is all the bathing that the youngster is likely to get; as it outgrows fondling and fat dubbing in time.

A Massachusetts soldier was the first to lose a leg in the civil war. He enlisted April 20, 1861, and 20 days later his leg was crushed by the fall of a stack of his own company's muskets in the capitol rotunda at Washington.

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President, J. W. Farley, LaGrange, Ill.
Vice-President, M. Galvin.
Recording Secretary, W. T. Ryan, Lyons.
Financial Secretary, T. W. Breen, LaGrange.
Treasurer, Patrick Close.
Meets First Monday each month in Grand Army hall, LaGrange, Ill., at 8 p. m.

DIVISION 25.

President, William Mulligan, 723 W. Twenty-second st.
Vice-President, Timothy Dunn.
Recording Secretary, Thomas Healion, 1105 Blue Island av.
Financial Secretary, James Egan, 111 West Twenty-fifth st.
Treasurer, Joseph O'Brien.
Meets First Tuesday at 8 p. m. and Third Sunday at 2 p. m. in Flanagan's hall, Twenty-second and Robey sts.

DIVISION 26.

President, P. J. Reynolds, 5411 Dearborn st.
Vice-President, Dennis Lynch.
Recording Secretary, Hugh McNally, 345 Bristol st.
Financial Secretary, Patrick O'Neill, 5322 Dearborn st.
Treasurer, Lawrence Reynolds.
Meets 2d Saturday each month in Schell's hall, Fifty-first st. and Wentworth av., 8 p. m.

DIVISION 27

President, John Bigane, 1974 Thirty-ninth st.
Vice-President, P. J. Morgan.
Recording Secretary, David Brodrick, 3923 Hart st.
Financial Secretary, Michael Larney, Archer and Western avs.
Treasurer, John Larney.
Meets First Saturday each month in Larney's hall, Archer and Western avs., at 8 p. m.

DIVISION 28.

President, F. T. Nichol, 343 Hastings st.
Vice-President, John Flanagan.
Recording Secretary, Ed Quinn, 1437 West Congress st.
Financial Secretary, Martin O'Mara, 141 Lytle st.
Treasurer, William Ryan.
Meets First and Third Wednesday in DeSoto hall, 1299 W. VanBuren st., at 8 p. m.

DIVISION 29.

President, Patrick Keyes, Kensington.
Vice-President, Daniel Galvin.
Recording Secretary, William Byrne, Box 1359, Pullman, Ill.
Financial Secretary, P. J. Tully, Pullman.
Treasurer, Charles Corkery.
Meets First and Fourth Tuesdays in Holy Rosary church basement at 8 p. m.

DIVISION 30.

President, Thos. Heelan, 10310 Calhoun av.
Vice-President, J. O'Keefe.
Recording Secretary, Patrick Kerr, 10308 Torrence av.
Financial Secretary, John Conlin.
Treasurer, C. Duffy.
Meets Third Sunday each month in Link's hall, 10716 Torrence av., at 2 p. m.

DIVISION 31.

President, P. C. Desmond, 641 Park av.
Vice-President, James O'Neill.
Recording Secretary, A. J. Malone, 255 Walnut st.
Financial Secretary, Arthur Maguire, Park and Oakley avs.
Treasurer, Peter Kennedy.
Meets Second and Fourth Fridays in Conway's hall, N. E. corner Lake st. and Western av., at 8 p. m.

DIVISION 33.

President, William Cunnea, 5620 Drexel av
Vice-President, Patrick Ryan.
Recording Secretary, Thomas Clifford, 6710 Evans av.
Financial Secretary, John Foley.
Treasurer, C. Fitzgerald.
Meets First and Third Tuesdays in Forester's hall, 6512 Cottage Grove av., at 8 p. m.

DIVISION 34.

President, Miles McFadden, 236 S. Sangamon st.
Vice-President, John Slattery.
Recording Sec'y, E. J. Rice, 393 Fulton st.
Financial Sec'y, M. J. O'Shea, 401 Washington boulevard.
Treasurer, Michael Moore.
Meets Second Saturday at 8 p.m. and Fourth Sunday at 3 p. m. in Doherty's hall, 446 West Twelfth st.

DIVISION 35.

President, John T. Sheehan, 928 38th st.
Vice-President, M. J. O'Brien.
Recording Secretary, James Gannon, 365 Emerald av.
Financial Secretary, Patrick Gorman.
Treasurer, Michael Kavanaugh.
Meets First Wednesday in Columbia hall, Thirty-seventh and Halsted sts., at 8 p. m.

DIVISION 36.

President, J. T. Keating, 5610 Jackson av
Vice-President, John J. Dwyer.
Recording Secretary, Thomas H. Ryan, 60 Addison av.
Financial Secretary, Michael P. Breen, Fifty-fifth st.
Treasurer, Andrew Ledwidge.
Meets Second and Fourth Fridays in Bagley's hall, 122 Fifty-fifth st., at 8 p. m.

DIVISION 37.

President, John F. Dohney, 6359 Honore st.
Vice-President, James McInerney.
Recording Secretary, John P. Dineen, 6428 Morgan st.
Financial Sec'y, M. H. Hoey, 6546 Union av.
Treasurer, John R. McNamara.
Meets Second Thursday each month in Coffey's hall, Sixty-third and Halsted sts., 8 p.m.

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Vice-President, Miss Sara Kain.
Recording Secretary, Miss Maggie Murphy, Lemont, Ill.
Financial Secretary, Miss Minnie Cull.
Treasurer, Mrs. Mary Boyle.
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A railway president who had gone to one of the summer resorts of the northwest to spend a few weeks was sitting on the veranda of a hotel enjoying the lake scenery and his cigar when he was accosted by a resident "boomer" with the remark:

"You'll find the air here full of ozone, sir. You'll sleep like a log. Before you have been here a week you will gain ten pounds or I miss my guess, and I'm generally right."

"I don't doubt it," replied the railway magnate. "I gained eight pounds the very first day."

"That beats the record," said the 'boomer,' slightly dazed, but recovering himself promptly, "though I've known instances almost equal to it."

"Yes," rejoined the other, "eight pounds. I weighed myself on a nickel in the slot machine at the railway station when I landed here, and the indicator pointed to 157. An hour later I stepped on the same kind of machine at the hotel, and the figure was 165. Gain of eight pounds in 60 minutes, sir, and I hadn't eaten a bite. Hadn't done anything but breathe this wonderful air. Never saw anything like it. Marvelous climate, sir—simply marvelous. And all it cost me was 10 cents."—Youth's Companion.

She Found Out.

A Boston lady stood on the deck of the little bump nosed Ocklawaha steamer in Florida, notebook and lorgnette in hand, asking ponderous questions of a darky roustabout.

"Is the alligator amphibious?" was one of her questions.

The darky scratched his head. He was a bit puzzled, as there had been more corn pone than dictionary in his bringing up, but his quick wit and natural logic did not desert him as he replied:

"I reckon he am, miss'. He done bite yo' shuah ef yo' monkey wid him."—New Orleans Picayune.

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